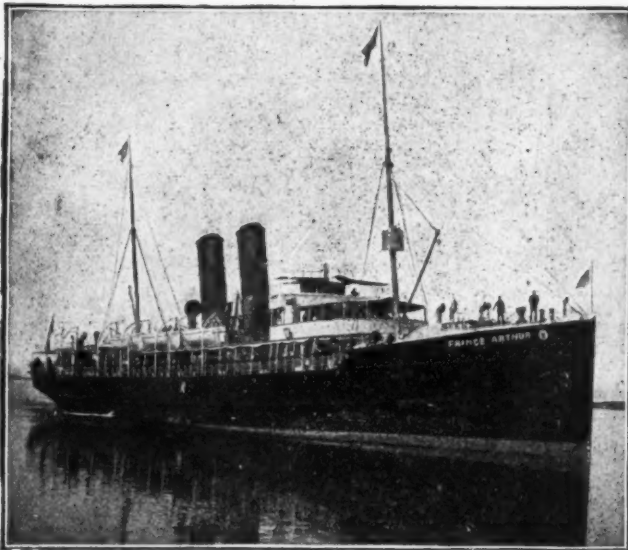


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THE BOERS AND THE EMPIRE.

Swords may be readily beaten into ploughshares, but it is not so easy to turn them into fine pens, nor is the rough and racy language of soldiers and farmers—serviceable enough for the everyday needs of the people of South Africa—a suitable medium for diplomatic discussions in Europe. It lacks the fine distinctions and the delicate shades of meaning which a highly cultured nation is so apt to look for. My comrades and myself felt all this very keenly from the outset, and we would therefore much rather have striven in our humble way to make history than to write it: that is to say, we would have gladly co-operated with our new Government to smooth away the traces of bitterness left by the war and lay the foundation for the well-being of all our fellow-subjects in South Africa. That was our fervent desire from the first, and not the drawing up of manifestos and appeals, the wording, nay the very drift of which were certain to be scanned as through a microscope and construed by a standard of interpretation which, differing widely from our own, must needs be misleading.

Yet we took the latter course instead of the former, and the evils which we anticipated from it have already come to pass: our words are misconstrued,

our actions assigned to wrong motives, our very aims are misstated and condemned. If the odium resulting from that complete—but, we doubt not, involuntary—misunderstanding, fell upon ourselves only, we could endure it with fortitude, we certainly would bear it in silence. But as we have reason to fear that our acts—or rather acts and motives which are mistakenly held to be ours—will seriously harm our sorely tried people in the eyes of the British people, it may be well to set forth in a few words the scope of the work in which we are engaged, the reasons which moved us to undertake it, and the conditions which, if fulfilled, would make our further efforts superfluous and at the same time would offer the best chance of rendering South Africa contented and delivering its people from misery.

Here again I must ask Englishmen to remember that they are dealing not with a diplomatist versed in the use and abuse of language but with a plain-spoken farmer and soldier speaking frankly to fair-minded men, whom he takes to be willing to hear the truth and honestly minded to do what is right and fair. They have no reason to doubt our sincerity. If we needed any testimony on that score, it would be tendered—nay it has been tendered

—by Lord Kitchener and those other representatives of the British Army who had dealings with us at a time when everything, including cunning, is said to be fair. We then gave our word; since then we have kept it. We called on our people to come in and lay down their arms. Although many of them had made up their minds to hold out and fight to the bitter end, they none the less sacrificed their own wishes and acquiesced in ours. How many million pounds were saved the British nation by that surrender—which was inspired by the motives that still actuate us—it is needless now to reckon up. But the saving was very considerable, at the very lowest estimate.

Having accepted the terms which Lord Kitchener was authorized to offer us, we have never sought to have them modified. No step which we have taken since then will reasonably admit of any such interpretation. We have no right to go behind the Treaty which ended the war and opened an era of peace, and we have ever acknowledged the fact. What follows from that? That the British people possess a right to leave widespread human misery unrelieved? If this were indeed so, I would still refuse to believe that a nation so sensitive to human suffering throughout the world would deign to avail itself of any such formal line of reasoning. They cannot but be aware that there are some rights the exercise of which constitutes a terrible wrong, and assuredly this, if it existed, would be one of them. Moreover the people whose warm sympathies, assuming the shape of material help, go out spontaneously to the famine-stricken Russians, the homeless inhabitants of Martinique, to every race whose lot is wretched, cannot abandon to a miserable fate brave men whom they sincerely welcome to the Empire as fellow-subjects, and whose

hearty co-operation is an essential condition of the well-being of the entire community. That was the firm faith to which my comrades and myself tenaciously clung,—to which we still tenaciously cling despite the misunderstandings of the past few months. And in this we hold that we are doing justice to the humane feelings, the generous instincts of the British race. What we sought for therefore was not a modification of the terms of the Peace Treaty, but that immediate help—to which as subjects our people possess a claim—of which they are in sore need, and the bestowal of which—as it seemed and still seems to us—is the most efficacious means of realizing the intentions of the British Government. Holding so strongly that it is in the interests of both sides that the ravages of the war should be speedily repaired, we may at first have underrated the difficulty of making our point clear to others—indeed we deemed it self-evident—and some people concluded that we were endeavoring to obtain another treaty containing more acceptable terms than the first. In truth we were but seeking—as all British subjects are warranted in doing—to secure the most favorable treatment possible, whether as a matter of right or of enlightened policy.

But no unbiassed man, be he Boer or Briton, who is acquainted with the country, the people and the misery that hangs like a cloud over both, will deny that relief—immediate and efficacious—is as necessary in the interests of the Empire as it is in those of its most recent subjects in South Africa. The need is such that it cannot wait: every week, every day it becomes more pressing; and delay may render assistance, I do not say wholly useless, but unavailing as a means to the twofold end which the Government on the one hand, and we who would gladly second its efforts on the

other hand, have at heart. The farms and agriculture which made the two South African countries all that they were and had, no longer exist. Cattle and implements, without which work cannot be resumed, are gone. The woful desolation which the war has brought in its train is intense and widespread—I only wish I could make the people of this country realize how intense and widespread. For to hear of such things is not the same as to see them embodied in suffering women, wasting children and strong men powerless in the midst of ruins and ashes to help either. The feelings which such sights engender in members of the ill-starred race do not cling merely to the garments we put on and off. They reach the heart and pierce it. And if the bulk of Englishmen only realized the pitiable state of our men, women and children we should have no need to put our appeal in words.

It was when weighed down by that load of grief and care that we reached the shores of England, and it may well be that the most friendly attitude which we were then humanly able to assume seemed to many people in this country less demonstratively cordial than the warm welcome which we received warranted them in anticipating. But is it reasonable to explain that natural attitude by any other than the obvious facts intelligible to all? A man whose father, sons or brethren have been killed in a quarrel may agree to forgive the slayer, to live with him in peace, to become his fellow-worker in a good cause, to hope and endeavor to become his friend; but can he be expected to do more than that before the first blades of grass have sprung up on the graves of those near and dear to him? No man worthy of the name, coming as we came from the ruined home of his people, of his people who had lost their

worldly goods, their kith and kin and the independence which they set above either, could have accomplished in that respect more than we did. If he feigned more, he would be a hypocrite; if he effected more he would be an angel.

Our resolve then was to make the best of things as they were, and by having the first needs of our farmers relieved to work hand in hand with our new Government. Now the first step in this direction is the rebuilding of the farmsteads, the purchase of implements and livestock, in a word the allotment of a sum of money sufficient to set up the people and allow them to resume work. We held aloof from all discussions about the past which seemed calculated to produce bitterness in the present or obstacles to good fellowship in the future. We hoped that the whole subject would be dealt with in a humane, in a generous spirit. We were all the more confident of it that in this case generosity and national self-interest converge in a single point.

And having come in that frame of mind to plead a cause which seemed to speak eloquently enough for itself, we were sorely disappointed by the result. At least we had every reason to consider that we had failed in our errand. We had never regarded the fund of three millions mentioned in the Peace Articles as sufficient for the purposes for which, we understood, it was to be set apart. We are farmers, not financiers, and the subject of the three million pounds—insufficient for the purpose to which it was to be devoted—together with the loan which was to bear interest after two years but to be without interest until then, appeared to us to be wanting in clearness. We therefore did what we thought was necessary and sufficient in order to have light shed upon the matter. But the financial question, we

were told, was not to be reopened. We respected that decision while regretting it, for we took it to mean that no appeals for help would be listened to and that generosity would be compressed within the limits of legal obligation under the treaty. We may have been mistaken in drawing this inference from facts which apparently admitted of none other. But if so, it would have been easy to convince us of our error, which opened before us a gloomy, a harrowing prospect. This was not done, and we then took a step at once necessary and painful, in a direction which we would modify tomorrow, if the fears which compelled us to take it were shown by acts to be no longer real. It has been assumed since that we did not take kindly to the loan. But that supposition is gratuitous. We came to appeal for funds for sorely needed assistance. As to the shape in which material help was to be given, we had neither the right nor the will to pick and choose. A drowning man does not refuse to be rescued because the apparatus thrown to him floats upon bladders instead of corks: he eagerly snatches at such appliances as are at hand and is grateful to the giver. That was our position exactly. Let our people be saved from ruin; whether it is done by loan or by free grant is a secondary matter. But having seen no prospect of their receiving such help as we thought adequate we appealed in our urgent need to all the nations of the world.

That course has been sharply criticised, not only for what it implied, but also for the incidents with which it is said to have been accompanied. In neither case, I submit, have those strictures been deserved. So far as we can see, all that our appeal to foreigners implied was that our people were in sore need of instant relief and that we were willing to undergo the humiliation—no trivial ordeal, I can

assure my readers—of pleading for it. It implied nothing else that had not already been expressed in the publication of the results of our mission in England. The negotiations in London had been made known to all. Nothing that we have said on the Continent was calculated to change their import. Our action, therefore, was natural, necessary, and painful. For we are to the full as desirous as our new Government can be of sedulously removing every cause of friction, every ground for bitterness and distrust between the two races upon whose good fellowship depends the welfare of South Africa. And we should deeply regret if the necessity of seeking abroad what we should have been grateful to obtain from our new fellow-subjects in England were unfortunately likely to retard the welding process. But we fear that in all probability it would. Memories of help withheld despite pressing needs and an urgent appeal for justice or generosity, are certain to live long, die hard, and inflict damage out of all proportion to their seeming importance. And while painful incidents of the war, however deep the wounds they may have inflicted at the time, are forgiven and even forgotten, those which follow the peace rankle long in the minds of a high-spirited people. And the knowledge of that certainty filled us with grief.

I wish it to be clearly understood that I am but stating a well-known fact, not uttering a covert threat: for I am speaking bluntly to frank Englishmen who, I trust, can face facts and act upon them. But we are as sincere as we are plain spoken, and having accepted the terms of peace, will strictly observe them. Yet it should be borne in mind that however high a person's sense of duty, the masses are men, not angels, and the strict observance of clearly defined

duties is not the same thing as positive zeal. And active zeal, hearty co-operation, is an essential condition of the prosperity of South Africa and of the attainment of the aims which the Government has professedly set itself. It likewise represents a material gain inasmuch as it renders economy in military matters possible. No British Colonies are ruled against the will of the people. The Government, we are willing to assume, desires that the latest addition to the Colonial ultramarine Empire should not form an exception. Meanwhile, however, it is announced that the garrison is to be raised to 70,000 men, who with 30,000 police make a total of 100,000 armed men. The cost of that military establishment is serious, but doubtless the authorities believe it to be the minimum compatible with tranquillity. Now a people animated by the feelings I have alluded to above would themselves further most of the objects for which soldiers have now to be employed, and that free of cost to the taxpayer. And the justifiable lessening of the garrison by 50,000 men is a boon for which both the Government and the nation would have reason to feel grateful.

The sum required to relieve the primary needs of our South African fellow-subjects would not constitute a really irksome burden for this wealthy Empire, though it is certainly more than I have yet seen any disposition to grant. The number of farms destroyed is larger far than people in England—aye, and than many Englishmen in South Africa—imagine. We ourselves, who know the country and the people, are reduced to estimates which, laying no claim to absolute accuracy, would, if our request for help were entertained, require to be officially verified by some impartial Commission. By the report of such a body of men we would willingly abide.

Meanwhile to discuss with acrimony the number of ruined farmsteads—which I repeat is much larger than people suppose—and their money value is a hindrance to an understanding instead of a help. And an understanding between the Government and the governed is a necessity. That once compassed, all other things will be added to it. That is why we rest our case mainly on the community of interests between the two. I say nothing now therefore of the other arguments: that the Government having taken over our assets has *ipso facto* assumed our liabilities as well, and that the guarantee it gives us of our lawful property covers all debts due to the subject by solvent debtors and therefore all property destroyed by necessity of war. If that confidence and good feeling which would go far to draw together the two races in South Africa and induce them to work in harmony can be established by a policy of—let us call it—generosity, it is surely needless to haggle over mere money or to stickle for alleged absolute rights.

So much for what was implied by our journey abroad. Now as to the manifestations which are said to have accompanied it. Not a single incident took place anywhere which ought reasonably to wound the sensibilities of the most patriotic British subject. For that fact I vouch as a man of honor, and my comrades' experience is identical with mine. Englishmen who were present at our meetings and listened to our speeches—and I am now speaking of Englishmen who have never professed any sympathy for our cause—have borne the same testimony. Wherever we travelled not only did we ourselves eschew politics, but we insisted on having them excluded by everyone else with whom we came in contact as well. How far we went in that direction will never be known

from the newspapers, which can no more take cognizance of the private acts which prepare the ground for public ones, than they can perceive motives or gauge intentions. The scrupulous care with which we steered clear of everything to which a British man or woman could take exception on patriotic grounds, was perhaps much greater and more effective than would have been the case had we been born subjects of the British crown. We journeyed abroad on a philanthropic errand and to that we rigidly confined our efforts.

It is painful to have to defend ourselves against charges based upon our appeal to the charity of foreigners, after having taken such minute and successful precautions to afford no pretext for them. But the unwelcome fact is forcing itself more and more upon us that the Boer character is but very imperfectly understood by the British people, who too often play upon the wrong chord when it seems so easy to touch the right one. In this there is at least as much matter for regret as for blame. With the very defective, and indeed misleading, information which is generally supplied to the British public, it is not easy to see how the views which it forms of the state and strivings of the Boers could well be more correct or the feelings which it entertains towards themselves could be more sympathetic. No people are more straightforward, more staunch, more devoted than ours when properly treated, and nothing is less difficult than to treat them with that cordiality which our fellow subjects in England doubtless feel, but are not capable of expressing effectively. Ice and cold water are essentially one, yet the laws that govern them differ widely. So it is with the characters of Boer and Briton: methods which persuade the one repel the other; acts which seem friendly or indifferent

from the standpoint of the Englishman take on the opposite hue when seen from the angle of vision of the Afrikaner. Thus, as some persons in this island disapproved our appeal to the world for help, which we deemed natural enough, so most of our people in the new Colonies have their suspicions aroused by the action of the Government in still maintaining some Concentration Camps, and in buying up the ground of the Boers there and of others outside the camps who, had they been assisted a little, could and would have resumed their peaceful labors. "For whom," they ask, "is our land being purchased? Is some vast colonization scheme being matured, and if so, why are we eliminated from it? Evidently because we are distrusted." Now distrust, especially when unmerited, is not an element of harmony in a country occupied by two races who were lately at war. Neither does a policy which tends to cut off a large number of farmers from the land and set them drifting into cities contribute to peace and stability. Their stake in the common weal is *nil*, and their temptation to fish in troubled waters is great. Lastly, I cannot help uttering a word of regret that the delegates of the late South African States now in Europe are not allowed to return home. At the conclusion of peace it was well understood and stated that they would be free to go back after the war was over. And in truth there seemed no reason why any obstacle should be placed in their way. When they came to Europe they were genuine delegates of a real Government, whose orders they obeyed just as my comrades and myself did, and whose confidence they fully retained to the very last. Would it not be conducive to reciprocal trust if they were told that they might return to their native country? In any and every case, to hinder them or any burghers from go-

ing home is an act which cannot be reconciled with the spirit or with the clear intent—as we all understood it—of the Treaty of Peace.

And if, as we believe, both Britons and Boers are equally desirous of establishing reciprocal trust, it must be evident to all that nothing could more materially contribute to the realization of this praiseworthy aim than a general and complete amnesty which would sweep away once for all one of the most potent causes of estrangement between the two sections of the population. Even if the men whom this opportune exercise of royal clemency would directly benefit were but vulgar rebels, its beneficent effects would of themselves suffice to justify it. But they are not mere rebels, if there be any truth in the essentially English saying that blood is thicker than water. The sentiments that inspired them to help their brothers—a warm devotion to their kindred, a selfless love of country—would have moved Englishmen in their place to go and do likewise. This consideration alone ought to turn the scale of mercy in their favor. But if further argument were needed it would be furnished by the example of magnanimity set by the Boers themselves after the Jameson raid. They at once waived their right to justice and treated their ene-

mies with extreme clemency, and this without waiting for any appeal. Generosity in the present case, however, is not merely the practical conclusion of an argument, it is the dictate of national self-interest as well, which would vastly benefit by the healing of wounds which are still profound and inflamed. It is also in harmony with the cherished traditions of the British people to display generosity to a brave, defeated foe. And generosity shown to our intrepid comrades would carry with it its own reward: it would prove excellent policy in the long run,—policy to the full as beneficial to both sides as it was in the case of Canada, whose high-spirited people appreciated, forgave and finally forgot.

If I have in any degree succeeded in making our position clear, if I have shown that it is compatible with the conscientious discharge of our obligations as subjects, if I have brought home to the British mind the desirability—nay the necessity—of lending a helping hand to the Boer, not only for the sake of humanity but also as a matter of good policy, and have proved that the avowed aims of the British Government are identical with the interests of our kindred in South Africa, then I shall not regret that I have broken silence.

Louis Botha.

The Contemporary Review.

A FRIEND OF NELSON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Part of what I would have you know," she began her narrative, "is known to you, I believe, already, so I need not weary you with its repetition. You know that in the very hour of my marriage my husband was arrested.

Within the day's space he was executed. You know this?"

I nodded.

"But you do not know by whose machinations it was all done?"

I shook my head.

"It was the doing of that viper, Henri de Marigny."

At the words "that viper" came vividly to mind that scene on Ashdown Forest as we pursued that same viper, and the smuggler, disabling with his riding-thong an adder in the path, had said, "I would we were leaving the Frenchman scotched after a like fashion." In my heart I too could now find it to echo that wish most cordially.

"But why?" I asked, as she paused. "Why should he wish—"

"Henri de Marigny," she said, "is a cousin—that is to say, he is only distantly related, not so nearly as what you in England would imply by 'cousins.' But we were brought up together, and have seen much of each other all our lives. It has even pleased him to consider himself in love with me. As a matter of fact, he was never, he could be never, by the very nature of the man, in love with anybody but himself. But he was poor, he always was in desperate straits. How Henri de Marigny is living here in the style that he manages to support I, who know his affairs fairly, cannot understand. I have my fancies on the subject, but of them in a moment. To proceed in order: Henri de Marigny was poor. I had a certain property of my own—"

"That is the worst news you have told me yet," I could not help interrupting, for the fact that she was an heiress seemed to put her more than ever above the hopes of such as I.

She colored slightly as if she understood the significance, adding with a smile, "It is in much jeopardy of being lost to me now, under the Republic"; and then colored again, almost as if she feared these words could be construed into an invitation. She hurriedly resumed:

"Henri made proposals of marriage for me, but my guardians, knowing both his character and his situation, would not receive them. And then my husband asked me in marriage. He

was eligible, he was rich, his character was unsullied; but he was Royalist. Henri was—anything that you please. After his rebuff in his proposals of marriage he behaved as perfectly as you can imagine that he would. 'Of course,' he said, 'he understood that his beautiful cousin (so he called me) was not for such a *rapin* as he,' and so on, 'but we would always be friends, would we not?' And of course I was delighted to find it so, and when my husband made proposals for me Henri was so kind, so helpful. D'Estourville was Royalist—yes—and his lands were always in danger of confiscation; but he, Henri, would use his influence—yes, and so on. He had some influence—how obtained we never knew—with the Republican people; the fact actually being that he had sold himself to them, that he was their agent, their spy. And so all went well, 'as merry as a marriage bell,' as you English say, until the very wedding day; and then my poor husband was arrested almost at the Mairie door, and within a few hours executed, with some form of mock trial, for complicity, as they said, in the plot of the Prince de Condé to assassinate the First Consul—a plot that, if it ever existed, he was as innocent of as a baby, and never even knew the Prince de Condé except by sight. Ah, my friend," and her excitement grew as she told the tale that she had begun in so business-like a tone, "do you wonder that I am a woman with a mystery about me—that other thoughts occupy my mind than those that fill the minds of the women who have not suffered as I have suffered? Do you wonder that my mind is occupied with one thought only, day or night—the thought of my revenge on that arch-devil, Henri de Marigny, who was the plotter of it all?"

"He was the plotter?"

"Yes," she said, "he was the plotter.

He thought that once he should marry me safe to the Comte d'Estourville I should be out of my guardian's power, that I should be mistress of myself and of my fortune, and that he would be able to work on a woman's weakness to accomplish his end—to marry me, and make me and my fortune his—my fortune and me, I should say: let us order them as his mind orders them. That was his idea. I was, perhaps, just a little less tractable than he expected. For two years he has persecuted me with his attentions. For two years I have striven to avoid him, but in vain. But that time I have not all wasted. I know more of him, far more of him, now than I knew two years ago. I know—at least I more than guess—what the sources of his income are—how he lives. He is a spy in the service of the Republic. When I made up my mind to come to England to escape the troubles of my unhappy France he volunteered to accompany me. He did more: he insisted on accompanying me, although I begged him not. I could not forbid him. He had a right on the boat that brought me as much as I. So he came. But," she said, rising from her seat, as if to give her words the greater emphasis—"but it was not merely to accompany me that he has come. I do not flatter myself so far as that. He had, and he has, projects of some importance—designs that are of no good to this kind country of yours, that gives us poor people an asylum. Something, some plot or other, he has on hand, and it behoves us—you and me together, if you will stand my friend—to find out that plot, to discover what it is, to thwart it, and if possible"—she spoke the words with a concentration of hate that it was dreadful to see exhibited by a young, a beautiful, and a tender-hearted woman—"punish the plotter as he deserves."

I fear that by this time it will only

be too clear to any reader of this narrative that I am not one of those whose minds arrive at facts and conclusions with a brilliant rapidity. I have a certain tenacity of purpose, I believe, when I once see my way distinctly, but in no point do my mental qualities differ more widely from those of the great Admiral whose outward figure my own somewhat resembled than in the slowness with which I obtain grasp of a situation. For all that, however, I was already beginning to see light, by virtue of the Comtesse d'Estourville's explanation, on many things that had been dark to me about her relations with her cousin, when she illuminated the subject much more clearly by adding, "You will understand now, I think, what must have appeared to you so unintelligible before—that I should continue to all seeming such excellent friends with my cousin, after what you yourself told me of the affair of the despatches."

"Well," I said, "I must admit that I was puzzled. You do not know how I have wondered and have doubted. Ah, I do not think you would ever bear to speak to me again if you did know."

"But I do know," she said. "It was inevitable. You *must* have doubted, *must* have mistrusted. You would be more than human had you not."

"And you, I think, to understand so perfectly, *are* more than human."

"My friend," she said, with a sad little smile, "I am *very* human. I fear just now I have given way to passion; I spoke with hatred. It is not hatred that I feel; it is justice that I want—justice for my dead husband and just punishment for that living villain who killed him."

"And I had him in my hand," I said, "and let him go."

"Hush!" she answered, "oh, hush! I did not mean that. It is terrible talking like that. Ah!" And she sat at

the table and covered her face with her hands. "We women were not made to be conspirators. Conspirators should be built of some sterner stuff. We are but a tangle of inconsistent motives."

Then she began to cry gently, a thing I had never known her do before, a thing that I had rather thought her incapable of doing.

"Ah," I said, "don't do that—for God's sake don't!"

"And why should I not cry?" she asked, with a defiant kind of pathos, lifting a tear-stained face from her hands. "Is it not all I have of womanly that is left in me? The guillotine took my father and my mother when I was just of age to have learned to love them; it took my husband when I was wedded to him but an hour. Had I a chance to be anything but hard, self-reliant? I know, my friend, how you think of me. Let me have a few tears to remind me I am a woman."

For my own part, as she spoke, it cost me no light effort to remember that tears were exclusively the woman's privilege, so deeply did her words touch my heart. I had to swallow back a sob of pity for her as I replied:

"No, no! I have never thought of you like that. A little proud I might have thought, determined—you have set me a puzzle oftentimes—but unwomanly—never! I have never seen in you aught that was not consistent in my view with the queen of womanhood that has utter possession of my heart. Oh, Madame d'Estourville, believe me, it was with no expectation of saying to you such wild words as these that I made an effort to see you before I went from Brighton. The words, I know, are wild, presumptuous, words I ought never to have spoken, and yet they are words of the most profound truth. I worship the very ground you walk on. I love you as I have loved no woman in the world before you, as I can never love a woman in this world again. Ah,

can you forgive me that I should speak to you like this?"

She paused a moment or two before she spoke, and her breath came and went quickly, her bosom heaved and her eyes looked luminously out on some vision that was not of the material things before them. Then she said, speaking with an effort:

"Yes, I forgive you. I can forgive you even this. But it is a deal to ask of me. Far more difficult to forgive than when you begged me to forgive your rudeness. The latter you did not mean; the former—"

"The former I do mean with my whole heart and soul," I insisted audaciously.

"Hush, monsieur, hush!" she said; "I entreat you, do not say these words. It is a disloyalty for me to listen to them. Do you not understand that I am avowed, dedicated, devoted (how do you say it?) to the memory of him who was my husband?"

"Madame," I said hardly, for I was very desperate, and my chance might never come again, "that is a romance, a sentiment, is it not? A man to whom you had been wedded but an hour before these wretches tore him from you, a man of whom you had seen but little."

"It is all true, monsieur, all true," she said, with her own sweet reasonableness, which hardly deserted her even when she was most moved. "It is true; but he was a good man, a man whose memory I have vowed to respect."

"In what way, madame?"

"In the way that forbids my listening to such words as you lately spoke to me."

"For ever, madame?"

"For ever—at least, no," correcting herself. "I cannot say what is not true to you. My vow (it was a wicked vow, maybe, to make; my confessor, at least, would absolve me from it, I

know, with a penance for making it—but vow I did, and on my own heart it is binding, that never until I had satisfaction for my husband's murder would I listen to words of any man's love."

"And has that vow ever cost you anything to keep, madame?" I asked.

At that her graceful body swayed a little, like some tall plant that a light wind takes, her breath came quick and short again, her eyes half closed; I thought for a moment that she would fall.

"Ah," she said faintly, "you must not ask me—never, never, till—"

By way of helping the words as she paused, incapable of speech, I held her in my arms, and for a brief ecstatic moment we forgot the world in that embrace. Then she pushed me from her, almost with violence, almost with anger.

"Go away from me, monsieur—leave me," she said. "You have made me forget my vow, the memory of my husband. You have degraded me."

"Oh, no, my queen," I pleaded; "do not say so. You have stooped, indeed, but it is to conquer. A poor victory truly," I said with a rueful smile, "a broken commander of a sunk despatch boat."

Sometimes one is lucky, even with a woman, and the most blundering steersman may find the right channel, without a rag of a chart, to her heart. So now she, touched by my forlorn estate, and overdone, no doubt, by the stress of varying emotions to which the last half-hour had subjected her, sank into a chair before the table and covered her face with her hands in a way that I had grown to look on as characteristic of her. But she held her two hands so not more than a moment before she stole out one of them, wet as it was with the tears from her dear eyes, for me to take it in my own hard and brown one, where I detained it,

pressing it again and again to my lips.

Presently she drew it away gently and firmly, and raised her head, looking at me through a mist of tears.

"There, that will do, friend," she said with a smile like sunshine through rain. "That is enough. You have captured my secret; the last secret that the Fair Enigma holds is yours: that she loves you. Now you have no more to learn. The Sphinx has no more riddles for you. You must find the world quite dull."

Then I kissed her again, she making but little protest. And when that was done she said, "But I mean it, I would have you know I mean it, that I will not wed with"—a pause—"oh, any man, until I have found some means of bringing my husband's murderer—and that chief villain in particular—to justice. You will beware of him, will you not, with all caution, as you would avoid a snake?" she added, with a solicitude that made my heart beat fast. "I am glad you are leaving Brighton to-night. Ah, yes," she said, as I made a gesture of dissent, "you are to adhere to your determination as to that. I beg you, and you love me. For the one thing, it is for your own safety, dear friend; and for another, I could never play the part I have still to play here with your eyes upon me. I should ever be seeking out those eyes—I have had enough ado to keep from seeking them as it is—and our secret, for secret it must remain, would surely be discovered. For every reason it is better you should go."

"Yes, you are right," I said reluctantly; "I see that you are right, but it is very hard."

"I have to stay here and play my part. That, too, is a hard part to play, and will be harder than ever now. This much I know already, that he is here for some purpose, that dear cousin of mine; and we know enough to be sure that it is no good one. It is not

merely to spy the land, to report the doings of the Government as confided to the Prince of Wales, that he is come. (It is not I, either, who vouched for him with the Prince, as you once did me the honor, monsieur"—with a smile—"to insinuate; but he has advices, as likely as not forged, or from Philippe Egalité, perhaps—they always were friends. Why does your Prince have anything to do with such a man?) Well, in any case, he will of course report all he hears; but I am convinced that there is more than this, and find it out I shall and will. And, my friend, if it should be a matter wherein I shall need your help, and shall send a word to you and say 'Come,' you will not be long in coming, I daresay?"

So then it was necessary to protest and to vow and the rest of it. And I do not know that there was much more of general interest until Madame d'Arcy came in from her drive, and broke into cackles of thin, derisive laughter at the sight of us still there.

"And ye've been sitting just so, o' the opposite sides of the room, for twa hours, I'll warrant. Eh, I'm sorry but my poor room was nae longer, that ye could na' gae farther apart." The wicked old woman covering us with confusion unspeakable!

But on the one point my Hortense—as I will now make so very bold as to style her—was fixed as adamant: that she would name no day, no date, would hold out to me no hope that I should marry her until she had resolved this wretched matter of the business on which M. de Marigny had been pleased to honor England with his presence; until, as she persisted, she had justice for her husband's murder. It was a romantic notion. "Young women," Madame d'Arcy had told me, "ought to be romantic." And certainly I had reason later to bless that vein of romantic fancy in Madame d'Estourville;

for, but for that, many things in this world of ours (not merely in the little cranny of it that is occupied with my doings) would have been different, and not differing for the better.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I found life at Buckhurst proceeding much in its old uneventful course, marked only by the perpetually recurrent disagreements between my Aunt Dorset, acting for the young Duke, and the commoners and the intertenants, that had their never exactly settled rights on the Ashdown Forest. I was both surprised and annoyed to learn that the "arrant failure" kept up his proper character in failing to rejoin his wife, as the Skipper of the Cave had promised me that he would command him to rejoin her. The wife was more than half disposed to regard me as the cause of his disappearance, the more so perhaps when she found me unable to assign a reason for it.

All the while that the trivial life went on, with its little incidents, at Brighton and elsewhere, the whole of England remained in a state of utmost perturbation by reason of events that might at any moment happen. The great event to which all looked forward as a possibility, and certain croakers predicted as a certainty, was the invasion of England by the French. Between England and the realization of this project lay the vigilance of the fleets that guarded our shores, for the words, never to be forgotten, of the man who had a knack of making his least likely words come true, Buonaparte, the Corsican, were constantly on the lips of Englishmen: "Give me command of the Channel for three days, and I will put an army across the sea that will conquer England." Men said that he had the flat-bottomed transports ready waiting at Boulogne. It was a time of the deepest anxiety for

every Englishman, and more particularly for those who lived in the south-eastern counties, that lay especially in the course of attack. The place of refuge to which all the families of the county of Sussex were to fly in case a landing was effected was Copthorne Common, near East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Just a little nearer London than to the sea, it was hoped that they might at least be in safety there till a covering force could be sent for their protection, or dispositions made for their removal to a harbor of greater safety. Our naval guard consisted of the fleets under Calder and Cornwallis watching the French and Spanish ships in Brest and Ferrol, the former having lately parted from a portion of the French fleet that he had beaten with some loss on July 22. In the meantime nothing at all had been heard of Nelson, who had big business on his hands, his Lordship being concerned for the safety from attack of, first, England, then Egypt, then the West Indies. The last news coming from him officially to London was of date July 27, and even then he had reported that he did not know whither his course in pursuit of the French might take him, but intimated a probability that he might go to Ireland, for it was feared the French might get a foothold in that island, with the aid of the disaffected people, and thence slip across to England. On the 20th, at Buckhurst, the tremendous news came suddenly to us that Lord Nelson was in London. He had arrived at Portsmouth, in his ship the *Victory*, on the 18th, and when the ship was made out and the great Admiral, whom all looked on as the savior of England, came to port, the scene of enthusiasm is said to have been such as makes a beggar of one's best effort at description. However, I had it only on hearsay; but I saw personally the delight with which the

people received a sight of his figure (so impossible not to recognize, with the absence of the arm that he had lost in the people's service) as soon as he made his appearance in London. It had long been known, widely known, that there was a likelihood of his returning soon. His health had suffered in the long and vexatious dawdle in the Mediterranean, before Toulon, and his leave had been signed by the Admiralty a month or two before. His own desire to return home, for a while at least, was very strong. Nothing but his urgent sense of public duty had kept him at sea.

If the nation at large could feel a quickening of the pulse at the news of the great Admiral's arrival, I, for my selfish part, had a particular reason for hailing his return. With that came my last chance of being righted in the eyes of my professional chiefs, who, I felt deeply, had done me less than my due. Had the circumstances, as colored by De Marigny's version, been presented to and believed by them, then, indeed, I could better have understood their cold treatment of me; but as it was I felt that it was unmerited and illogical, and that in Lord Nelson lay my best and my last hope to set it right. Nelson was in London on the 20th, on which day he also went to Merton, in the evening. Whether he was in London on the 19th I cannot say—I am not sure—but (and I mention this to show the kind heart of the man, and his generous, unselfish thought of every soul under his command) it was no later than the 21st that I received from him, through his secretary, a despatch saying: "Lord Nelson desires me to state that he was particularly concerned to learn the circumstances under which you lost your ship, and more especially at the loss you have personally received on that account. His Lordship begs me to add that he has made strong representations to the

Lords of the Admiralty on your behalf, which he does not think will fail of their effect. He also begs that you will honor him with your company at Merton during the next few days." Appended was a note in Nelson's own handwriting:—

"Forgive me that I do not write with my own hand. Had I but two I perhaps might, but as it is correspondence is so heavy. Have spoken very strongly, but not nearly so strongly as your case deserves, for you. They have treated you shamefully. Come to see us at Merton and bring your kit for a night. You will find just a family party—a simple welcome but a hearty one. Your friend,

"Nelson and Bronte."

I went about during the whole of that day in a state of delight that was quite ridiculous. I found myself with a perpetual foolish smile playing on my lips, which I had to straighten by an effort, to correct such folly. I was like a boy that has just received his first letter from his mistress; and I detected myself wondering that this kindly letter caused me a more poignant emotion of pleasure than any that

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I had received from Hortense d'Estourville. I had made up my mind that I would never make confession of this fact to her, but since I have noted it down here it is likely that some day she will read it. But she will know me well enough to forgive it then. Suffice it that never in my life did letter give me greater pleasure than this one. My position in the service I regarded at once as recovered, for Nelson, of course, could be denied nothing that he asked, whether for himself or for a subordinate, and to have suffered temporarily a loss of prestige, only to gain the generous and indignant support of Lord Nelson, was a good bargain indeed. I was especially pleased with the evidence of his friendship that he showed in asking me to Merton, because it would give me an opportunity of stating the whole truth of the case with regard to the despatches and the detaining of De Maigny before the latter put in his own lying version. I could regard this as no breach of my undertaking to Lord Barham. I could not conceive that the interests of the service or of the nation could suffer through Lord Nelson's knowing the truth with regard to his own despatches.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

(To be continued.)

THE ART OF EMILE ZOLA.

English, no less than French, opinion of the art of Emile Zola has been unduly affected by the artist's attitude in the Dreyfus case. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that we have promoted him from the grade of a "realistic" writer to that of an apostle, because he publicly accused the French General Staff of conspiracy to defeat

the ends of justice. The reward is not only out of all proportion to the service rendered, but is also out of all relation to it. Facts are facts; and the Dreyfus case is only one fact among many that have to be weighed in the attempt to estimate either the character of the man or the value of his literary work. Most of the essential

facts—the writing and publication of his most successful books—occurred long before the Dreyfus case; and it is by them that we must judge Zola, remembering that obscenity is not the less obscene because it is found in conjunction with civic courage, and that the merits of a work of art are in no way conditioned by the side which the artist subsequently takes in a controversy. The facts of the “Affaire” may incidentally help us a little towards the comprehension of his ideals, but they certainly will not help us very much.

Of course, Zola was a great writer. The most hostile critic, if he does not wish to make himself ridiculous, must start with that admission. For thirty years, indeed, it has been the habit of critics to take him as seriously as they take Mr. George Meredith, and the habit of “general readers” to take him as seriously as they take Mr. Hall Caine. Evidently one cannot pass by on the other side, protesting that there is nothing to criticise. On the contrary, there is a great deal to criticise. One can no more ignore the novels than Mr. F.’s aunt could ignore the mile-stones on the Dover road. There is hardly one of them that can be read without branding a durable impression on the reader’s brain. It is well worth while to try to get behind that impression: to analyze the method by which it has been produced; to inquire how far it is a true impression of real life. One may even, after reading nothing else for several days, in order to isolate the impression and make sure of it, desire to ask oneself whether it is not an impression as misleading and injurious as it is unpleasant; whether the author was not, after all, more usefully occupied in writing advertisements of other people’s novels for Hachette, than in looking at life through a temperament in order to write novels of his own.

One naturally turns to the published sketches of Zola’s life, to see if there is anything in them that accounts for the characteristics that differentiate his art. There are several such sketches—by Mr. R. H. Sherard, by M. Edouard Rod, and others—and the principal picture that emerges from all of them is merely that of a little bourgeois, with very big forehead, cut by three remarkable wrinkles, sitting at an enormous table, surrounded by prodigious furniture, and writing with the unemotional regularity of a copying clerk in a Government office, for a fixed number of hours every day. For the rest he seems to spend most of his time sitting in the summer-house of a garden on an island of the Seine. The picture suggests nothing except what Zola, who delighted in scientific terms, would have called a specialization of function. The creator of the “roman expérimental” has nothing to do with novels except to write them. It is left to others to live the lives and garner the experiences which he expounds. It is not anything in his own life, but life in general, that he regards through a temperament, and of which he aspires to be the great interpreter.

The picture develops, and shows that the little bourgeois attaches great importance to this colossal task of interpretation. Nearly every day a representative of the Press waits upon him, and no such visitor is denied admission. Sometimes it is his own aims and methods that he explains. His novels “have always been written with a higher aim than merely to amuse”; he has “certain contributions to make to the thought of the world on certain subjects” and the novel is his chosen medium of communication. More often he supplies the interviewer with an instalment of his wisdom on some topic of the day. Has an old woman’s apple stall been upset? The catastrophe suggests reflections on the con-

dition of the great Norman cider industry. And so forth. The example, borrowed from a protest by Mr. George Moore, is not too trivial to serve. The thing goes on to such an extent that the relations of the novelist and the interviewers are critically canvassed in the newspapers. There is a complaint that Zola lacks "bonhomie"; that he never "offers anything" when he is interviewed. This, however, is not from meanness, but from a sense of the solemnity of the occasion, and of the importance of the functions which he has been invited to perform. He is the consulting physician of the social organism. Does the physician "offer anything" to those who come to him to have their pulses felt, and to be warned against errors of diet and unhealthy habits?

These glimpses of Zola may help us to make a beginning of criticism by classing him. He is not a novelist who has a philosophy in spite of himself, but a philosopher who has deliberately chosen to write novels, because he regards the novel as "the highest form of literary expression," because the novel "contains, or may be made to contain, everything." And he brings to this ambitious task of putting everything into novels a curious medley of endowments.

First-hand knowledge of life is certainly the least of his qualifications. It is, indeed, the loudest claim of his admirers, that the author of the most flamboyant pictures of vice ever published in modern times lived, as we have just seen that he lived, like a good bourgeois at his desk and in his garden. He knew as little of the *haute cocotterie*, which he tried to depict in *Nana*, as he knew of the salons of the Faubourg Saint Germain, in which he seems to have imagined that men of breeding spent their time in long and loud discussions of the supposed frailties of their hostesses. His only real

experience of the hard actualities of life was acquired in the two years of struggling misery which preceded his engagement to tie up parcels and write *réclames* in Hachette's office. Those were, indeed, years in which his misfortunes made him acquainted with strange bed-fellows. He lived, for a while, we are told, in a *hotel borgne*—a sort of shady lodging-house, mainly frequented by loose characters. He rubbed shoulders there with people whose lives were their vices, and whose vices were their lives—people who knew neither reticence nor refinement—people who used a blasphemous and obscene vocabulary without conscious effort, because it was the vocabulary that they had always been accustomed to.

We shall see presently how this early experience colored not only Zola's manner of expressing the most ordinary ideas, but also his attitude towards life, and his estimate of human nature. For the moment it is enough to note that it was the least of the gifts that he brought to the writing of novels.

The essence of Zola's equipment was not knowledge but intellect. For sheer brain power he probably excelled all the novelists of his generation, and it was the association of intellectual power with intellectual pride in a man who was never sufficiently a student to become a scholar that determined the character of his literary aims. His plans—both the plans that he originally formed and the plans that he ultimately carried out—were on a more grandiose scale than those of any other novelist, not excluding Balzac. For nothing is more certain than that the great scheme of the Rougon-Macquart series was materially modified in the course of its execution, because the author gradually discovered, or imagined that he discovered, that he was capable of doing something even big-

ger than the thing he had set out to do.

As all the world knows, the Rougon-Macquart books were originally announced as a library written to illustrate the author's views on the subject of heredity. So far as one can judge from the novels, Zola neither knew anything about heredity, in the sense in which the man of science understands knowledge, nor had any views about it worthy of the name of views. The only possible scientific criticism on his labors in this direction is that his premises are assumed and that his conclusions do not follow from them. Such a union as that which he starts with could not have calculable consequences; and any calculation that could be made might be defeated by some accident of environment. On the other hand, to a writer with a brain like Zola's, there must have been a great charm in the difficult task of holding the tangled thread of complication through a score or so of volumes. It was a task that called for a particular kind of talent. To the peculiar gifts of the novelist had to be added those which one ordinarily associates with the traffic director of a great railway system, or a chess player who wins thirty games simultaneously. The plan, in short, made to the man of intellect an appeal to which the man of sentiment might have been deaf.

But the great scheme was presently supplanted, in effect, if not ostensibly, by a still greater plan. The study of heredity soon led up to the study of the reaction of environment upon it; and the study of the environment came to be found the more interesting study of the two. Though the old machinery was still used, it was turned to a more ambitious purpose. The study of the fortunes of a family grew by insensible degrees to be the study of the psychological condition of contemporary France. Zola aspired to take all

the departments of French life in turn—the life of the peasants, of the *bourgeoisie*, of the miners, of the financiers, of the gilded youth, and the *haute coquetterie*—and so to produce a library which should be the complete tableau of the social organism as he saw it through his temperament. No man ever lived who possessed the knowledge really needed for the adequate execution of such a task. Zola probably started with less of the knowledge than most people. But that was precisely where intellectual power, sustained by intellectual pride, came to his assistance. He never knew any subject quite as Mr. Barrie knows Thrums, as Mr. Kipling knows Simla, or as Dickens knew London. But he was quick at learning, and believed that anything and everything could be learnt. Those who knew could tell him, and both documents and railway trains were at his service. He got up his subjects as a barrister crams his brief, and he went down, note-book in hand, to Beauce, or the Halles Centrales, or Sedan, or the French Black Country, or wherever it might be, to study the life of the people on the spot. There was, to do him justice, no pretence of any profounder knowledge. His pilgrimages in search of local color were described in the newspapers as if they were only of less importance than presidential journeys. It was his conscientious belief that he acquired in this fashion knowledge which qualified him to speak with authority on the whole of human life. He felt that, though experience, sympathy, sentiment, and emotion might be wanting, brain-power and documents could cover all the ground.

Let it be confessed at once that Zola made brain-power cover more ground than any novelist had ever made it cover before. Without wit, without pathos, without insight into human character, without even a natural turn

for story-telling, he nevertheless always contrives to be effective.

One of the secrets of his effectiveness is unquestionably his thoroughness as a literary mechanic. There are wheels within wheels, and every wheel is in complete working order. One can picture Zola, before sitting down to write a novel, making out a list of the ingredients, just as if he were going to make a pudding. Take *L'Assommoir*, for example, which is one of the best, and also one of the most *documenté* of his books. It is based upon *Le Sublime*—a psychological study of the working classes of Paris by Denis Poulot. That book contains a tabular classification of the various types of Parisian working men. In the novel, each type, from the *ouvrier vrai* to the *sublime des sublimes*, is represented by a special personage. For the *mise-en-scène* of the story of misery and degradation documentation was not required. It was merely necessary so to arrange the story that nothing typical in the life of a working man who takes to drink should be left out. An inspired writer who set out to tell a story instead of building one would have been sure to leave out something. Unregulated imagination would never have taken him all round the sights of Paris like a Cook's tourist in a brake. Zola, on the other hand, was a deliberate and conscientious builder, determined to use all the bricks. *L'Assommoir* is as exhaustive as an encyclopædia. It describes everything—a wedding, a funeral, a first communion, workshops, pawnshops, lodging-houses, laundries, dancing saloons, delirium tremens in the padded room, and prostitution on the exterior boulevards. And all these facts are marshalled with infinite skill. Climax succeeds climax with a tremendous crescendo effect. There is no sympathy, no human nature; but there is the appalling impression of the march of irresistible calamity.

It is the same, or nearly the same, with all the novels. Each of them betrays the comprehensive ambition of the master-builder. *La Terre* is not presented as a village idyll—far from it—but as the complete diorama of typical village life. *Au Bonheur des dames* purports to assemble all known or knowable facts about big shops; *Germinal*, all known or knowable facts about the life of the miner and the revolt of labor; *L'Argent* all known or knowable facts about high finance. And there is always this crescendo effect—this piling of Pelion upon Ossa—always this eye for the impressive tableau which the reader shall be unable to forget. For Zola was a poet, as well as a generalizer, if only the poet of the *faits divers*. One can pick scene after scene from his books, which lingers in the memory as something approaching the tremendous. The scene in which Nana dies of confluent smallpox, in the upper chamber of the hotel, while the crowds parade the streets below with the cry of "A Berlin," and the final scene of *La Bête humaine*, in which the stoker and the engine-driver fight for their lives, while the train, with its load of drunken soldiers, shouting their ribald songs, rolls on through the darkness to destruction, are two typical examples of the tableau that Zola most rejoiced to paint.

The popular name for the result of these labors thus illumined is "realism"; but that is a misnomer. Zola was neither a realist nor a romanticist. Just as from the point of science he was a sciolist, so from the point of view of art he was a melodramatist, though no doubt the greatest melodramatist that the world has ever seen. The claim that he was a realist, or a naturalist, or an experimentalist, or whatever term be preferred, must be abandoned for two reasons.

In the first place there is a fundamental fallacy in Zola's view of human

nature. It is claimed for him by his admirers, as a proof of his sincerity and candor, that he ignored conventional illusions, tore off masks, and revealed the human beast behind them. What they forget, and what he, too, apparently forgot, is that this so-called mask which he tore off is not really a mask at all. It is an accretion—a part of the man himself. Our reticences, decencies, and hypocrisies are just as real as our animal appetites, and the homage which vice pays to virtue is itself a part of virtue. It may be perfectly true that many persons of great outward respectability have vices concerning which they do not take the world into their confidence. It does not follow that they are whitened sepulchres, or that their vices are their differentiating characteristics. Very often their vices are merely a concession to imperious needs—mere episodes, unrelated, unless it be accidentally and occasionally, with the real drama of their lives. Zola, as we have seen, began life in an atmosphere in which vice was very generally the pivot on which the drama of life turned. As a man of letters he carried that atmosphere with him wherever he went. He was always looking for the primitive savage in the habiliments of the civilized man, forgetting that if the civilized man were really such a savage as he represents he would not have troubled to put on the clothes. This is not realism, but only the transparent illusion of it.

In the second place, Zola's attempts at realism are defeated by the very thoroughness of his documentation. He invented very little. For every horror, and even for every improbability, he could have given chapter and verse. The story of the man in *L'Assommoir*, who, for a wager, lunched off living beetles and a dead cat, is copied almost textually from the work of M. Poulot, already referred to. The story

of the peasants in *La Terre*, who murdered their father to escape the expense of supporting him, and then burnt his cottage down to hide the traces of their crime, is a true story that had appeared in all the newspapers of France. One could multiply instances if it were worth while. But facts which are separately true may collectively give a false impression; and as Zola is a writer who always lets you see the machinery at work, one can point out how this has happened in one novel after another. His fallacy has always been to compress his horrors—to represent them as all occurring in a single place within a short period of time.

Take *Pot-Bouille*. It purports to be the tableau of the lives of the *petite bourgeois* who dwell in flats, and it gradually transpires that all the inhabitants of the block in which the action takes place are living in a state of sexual promiscuity, varied only by coarse intrigues with each other's domestic servants.

It is quite true, of course, that there are persons among the *petite bourgeoisie* who, while outwardly well behaved, secretly practise the vices here depicted. Evidence to that effect turns up from time to time among the *faits divers*. But it is not true that all the people who thus misconduct themselves are to be found living together in the same block of flats, or that any block of flats in which such a system of surreptitious free love prevailed would be in any way typical of flat-life in Paris. The whole thing suggests not real life, but a Palais Royal farce. Or, to speak accurately, it only fails to suggest a Palais Royal farce because it is not funny.

Take *Nana*. We know from Mr. Sherard how Zola amassed the material for this book on a subject about which, being a good *bourgeois*, quite

different from the *bourgeois* portrayed in *Pot-Bouille*, he had absolutely no first-hand knowledge. An old *noceur* spent a whole afternoon with him in a café regaling him with the *faits divers* of the *haute cocotterie*. One can easily imagine the entertainment. It would, of course, consist of the picked episodes of a score or more of graceless lives. Zola packs them all into the single life of a young woman who dies at one-and-twenty. Everything is there—from the *raffle* by the *police des mœurs* to the champagne supper in the abode of luxury—from the royal admirer to the *amant de cœur*, and the vices that one does not name in essays meant for general reading. It is a debauch of indecent documentation, but it is not a picture of real life.

Finally take *La Terre*. All the horrors recorded in *La Terre* have happened. No doubt there is some official record even of the horrors that cannot be allowed to blot these pages. To find evidence of the rest one would only have to search the files of the *Petit Journal*; and one has a very shrewd suspicion that this is just what Zola has done. All the crimes, obscenities, and miseries of fifty villages in all parts of France have been located in a single village of La Beauce. A very impressive, and even, at the first blush, a very convincing picture results from the manœuvre. But the result is not to be described as realism but rather as a rhapsody on the *faits divers*. It is, in fact, as if Zola had emptied the contents of all the cesspools in France into a single farmyard, in order to prove that French farmyards consisted of cesspools.

So much for the value of Zola's novels as documents. They differ from the documents of the man of science in consistently sacrificing the truth to the tableau. Beyond question Zola excelled at the tableau. Having begun by sacrificing the truth to it, he

went on to sacrifice his stories to it. The history of the development of his art is the history of the withering of the individual. He gradually discovered—what he certainly did not know when he began—that he could handle crowds as no other writer of fiction had ever handled them. He passed from the group to the mob, from the mob to the army, and even to the armies, visible and invisible, of the Catholic Church; and as he progressed, he became less and less a storyteller, and more and more a scene-painter.

He never in his life drew a character from within, or realized any individual emotion except that of hunger. The whole of the pathos of Zola is summed up in the exclamation of Gervaise, when, after starving, she gets food: "Ah, Seigneur! Que cela est bon et triste de manger quand on crève." But at first his personages were, at least, drawn from the outside in distinguishable lines, and one had an interest in following their fortunes. Later the crowds came on to the stage, and hid them from our view. Coupeau and Gervaise and Auguste Lantier may be wooden figures, but at least *L'Assommoir* is the well-constructed story of the drama of their lives. In *Germinal* there is no drama of any life, but only the drama of the revolt of labor, and Etienne Lantier is such a shadowy personality that the reasons why he led the strikers are absolutely incomprehensible. And Etienne Lantier is a more real man, and has more to do with the story of which he is the figure-head than Jean Macquart in *La Débâcle*; while the Abbé Froment of the *Trois Villes* series is the merest puppet dangling on a string.

Thus did the tableau gradually become everything, while the drama gradually sank to nothing. It was when Zola had perfected this art of the scene-painter—at the time, in fact,

of the publication of *La Débâcle*—that he announced most positively that his novels were the vehicle of a message to the world. It remains, therefore, to search for the idea behind the tableau, to inquire what, if any, was Zola's contribution to thought on the subjects which he treated.

The task is a noisome one, suggesting a quest for hidden treasures in a drain. One is impelled to suspend the quest in order first to protest against the noisomeness, and even, so far as possible, to define it. For the obscenity of Zola is a thing apart, differing not in degree only, but in kind, from the obscenity of any other writer whose works have been accepted as literature.

Mr. Sherard lightly excused Zola's obscenity on the ground that he was a Frenchman, and that Frenchmen were habitually obscene. That will not do. The French, it is true, often write without reverence for boys, and without fear of the Young Person, but none of them, except Zola's imitators, are gross in Zola's particular manner. What they cultivate is either a coarse jocularly or else a meretricious lubricity. It is their boast that the flexibility of their language enables them to say things that could not be said in any other language. Zola's grossness is seldom either jovial or suggestive, and he makes no use of the facilities which the French language affords for expressing a coarse thought elegantly. To urge that plea on his behalf is, inferentially, to confess ignorance of French. It is not against particular but against universal notions of decency that he offends. He not only reports filthy conversations with the literal accuracy of a stenographer. He relates filthy incidents in a filthy vocabulary, as if that were the only vocabulary that he knew. We learn from Mr. Sherard that he searched for coarse words in a dictionary of the

langue verte, as the lady in the story did in Dr. Johnson's lexicon, and he flings them about in his narratives like a sailor of the old school flinging about terms of endearment. No practice could be less French than that.

On the other hand the suggestion that he was deliberately pandering to the worst tastes of the "human beast," in which he had so firm a faith, does not seem to be well founded. The evidence indicates rather that he wrote naturally, and even sincerely, and that to our original picture of the little *bourgeois* of immense brain-power, sitting so many hours a day at his table to render the *état d'ame* of France, we should add that the little *bourgeois* was always haunted by some vision of obscenity and filth. Once, indeed, with his eye on the Academy of Letters, he made a desperate and temporarily successful effort to escape from that obsession. But the interlude of *Le Rêve* was short, and the obsession speedily returned. Sometimes, as in *L'Assommoir*, *Nana*, and *La Terre*, it was more or less in keeping with his subject. More often it intruded in books in which there was no artistic call for anything of the sort—in *Germinal*, for instance, and in *L'Argent*, and in *Pot-Bouille*. One is bound to regard it as an obsession, not merely because of its frequent irrelevance to the matter in hand, but because it recurs, over and over again, in shapes with which the reader grows to be familiar. Evidently in looking for the philosophy of Zola, we are looking for the philosophy of an inspired Priapus. Art in his case is largely life seen through the temperament of the Garden God.

It is largely so, but not entirely. Though the Garden God is always the most conspicuous figure in Zola's landscapes, diverting attention from the artist's higher aims, the Garden God came ultimately to be introduced merely as a decorative figure, while

his work had, or developed, a sincere purpose, and even a something which his admirers have hailed as a philosophy.

His first purpose—the illustration of the doctrine of heredity—may be ignored. His second purpose was the diagnosis of the manifold diseases of the social organism—a diagnosis which deliberately exaggerated the unhealthy symptoms in order to alarm the patient. In fulfilling this purpose he was probably doing more to educate himself than to instruct the world, and gradually he discovered an enthusiasm. Most of the good things of life—and particularly the higher things—did not appeal to him. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of him that he was “fundamentally at enmity with joy.” He could not picture either love or religion making the world go round. Religion, for him, was simply an hysterical hallucination, and love simply a sensual passion, the precursor of abominable crimes. The one enthusiasm that did at last lay hold of him was the enthusiasm for justice.

One may read through half the library of his works before becoming aware of the passion, but in *Germinal* it begins to be expressed in ringing phrases: “Ca, vous avez raison, crie-t-elle. Moi, quand une affaire est juste, je me ferais hacher.” The sentence sums up the diffused rhetoric of *J'accuse*, and should be printed on the title-page of any history of Zola's en-

deavors to save Captain Dreyfus. But the passion itself survives the occasion of its violent manifestation, and develops into a more or less philosophic socialism. In *Lourdes* and *Rome* the real question at issue is: “Does the Pope see his way to become a Christian Socialist?” For, if not, Zola will set himself up as a lay Pope, and preach Socialism without reference to Christianity. And that, in fact, is what Zola was doing when he died.

There is no space at the end of an article, carefully to define his socialistic creed. His *Four Gospels* were left unfinished, and no doubt his Socialism, like the rest of his philosophy, was invented as he went along. The one fact that stands out quite clearly is that the optimism of his middle age, like the pessimism of his youth, rested on a purely materialistic basis. Once more one may go to *Germinal* for the phrase that sums it up:

“En voilà encore des idées, disait le jeune homme. Est-ce que vous avez besoin d'un bon Dieu et de son paradis pour être heureux? est-ce que vous ne pouvez faire à vous-mêmes le bonheur sur la terre?”

That is practically the theme which Zola's later writings were embroidering. Life consists of *faits divers* and nothing else. The Millennium is attainable by the re-arrangement of the *faits divers*. Such was Zola's doctrine, and from it his place among the prophets may be deduced.

Francis Gribble.

BAINO.

There are some people who tell us that every good story has an inner meaning. I do not mean a moral,—we have ceased to believe that any truth can be expressed in a maxim—but that it has an interest apart from and deeper than the mere thrill of the incidents recorded. To be good it should awaken thoughts, they say; it should leave behind a stir and movement of the emotions that will last when the story is forgotten. Your mind is as a pool, and the story is as a stone thrown into it. The stone drops, makes its splash, and disappears out of sight in the mud of oblivion; but the waters have been moved and the ripples spread for ever. That pool is never quite the same, say the wise men, as before the stone fell into it.

I cannot say if this tale be a good one, but it has a meaning. It asks a question. What is the right answer to that question, I do not know. I may have perhaps my own idea of what the answer should be, but the reader may have another,—will have another, no doubt.

The question is this: what is it that gives value to an action before the world and to the man himself? Is it the motive or the result? Or is a great act as noble if it have no result at all? Suppose the motive turn out to be a mistaken one and the result therefore fail, is the deed robbed of its glory? For instance, think of a man who sees what he imagines to be a child drowning in a flood. He plunges in at the imminent risk of his own life to save it: that is a great and glorious deed. He does save it,—and it turns out to be a doll. What then? It is not the man's fault. He did all that a man should do. Does his act suffer? Why should it suffer?

That is the question. Now read my story.

It happened in the early days of the annexation of Upper Burmah. Our troops had occupied Mandalay, and the king had been deported. The Burmese rule had fallen, and our columns marched here and there with but little serious resistance. Nevertheless the country was very far from being subdued; on the contrary, it still seethed with rebellion. Though the half-armed villagers could offer no serious resistance to our soldiers, they were not pacified.

A column would march through a tract of country exacting obedience and submission as it passed, but on its departure matters were as before. The villagers could not stop the march, but they could cut off patrols, they could capture convoys, they could attack isolated parties; and they did all these things. No Englishman or Indian was safe beyond the range of the rifles of his escort; small parties were cut up every day, and night after night posts were attacked.

There was a post then established near the hills in the east. It consisted, I think, of one hundred and fifty men of a native regiment and two or three British officers; a strong enough detachment to be able to make little of the enemy so long as it remained well. But the place was deadly unhealthy, and officers and men fell sick. Seeing no patrol about the villagers became aware that something was wrong, and coming to inspect found that more than half the men were down with fever. Plucking up heart they attacked the post. The attack was unsuccessful, but the detachment was too feeble to send out parties to drive off the

villagers, and the post became besieged.

All day long the Burmans waited in the jungle round the fort ready to cut off any attempt at a sortie, any messenger sent for news. At night they drew in closer and fired incessantly into the place, rendering sleep to sick men impossible, and driving the healthy fast into sickness by ceaseless anxiety and distress.

Two attempts were made to relieve the post from outside, but without success. The little columns that could be formed were ambushed in difficult places and driven back, till the rebels grew flushed with success.

However, within the fort our men were safe enough; if they could not get out, the rebels could not get in. The stockade was strong, and even fever-stricken men can defend a post worthily.

It was only a case of waiting till stronger columns came up. But rations began to fail. The surrounding country yielded nothing that the men wanted, and if it had, it was now closed to them. There was a certain quantity of food in the fort when the siege began, but it was soon eaten, and matters began to look very serious indeed. The sick increased daily, and there being no comforts for them, there was little chance for them to recover strength. The enemy increased in numbers and audacity, and the siege became very close.

The evil plight of the troops was of course known to the authorities, and every effort was being made to relieve them. Stores and rations were pushed up the river, and a little column was rapidly forming on the river-base, strong enough to brush aside all opposition. Still, delay was inevitable, and great anxiety began to be felt, more especially as no news came through.

The nearest post to the besieged fort was a small one on the river, some

two marches nearer than the base where the relief was collecting. It was but a small place used as a forwarding station, and was garrisoned by a few sepoy commanded by a British subaltern. There was also an English police-officer there. They knew, of course, in this post all that was going on. They knew of the straits to which the little fort under the hills was reduced, and they would have helped if they could. But they could do nothing; many of their own men were sick, and indeed even if all had been well, they could have furnished no column strong enough to carry relief through the fifty-six miles of jungle. All they could do was to gather what news they could of the besieged post, and send it on to the proper authorities, and wait.

One morning early a steam-launch came up the river to this fort. It had on board the mail-letters of the last two or three weeks, not only for that garrison but for the garrison besieged far away. There was no post-master, but the officer commanding acted on these days as post-master in addition to his other duties, and he opened the bag.

It was full of English letters and newspapers. The two officers in the post seized those for themselves, with the greediness that only exiles know, and put them in their pockets, to be read later; and then they sorted the others.

"No way of sending these on?" said the police-officer.

"None," said the soldier. "They will have to wait for their letters till the column goes up."

"What is the news of it?" asked the policeman. "They ought to be about ready now and it's five days' march at least."

"Won't be ready for a week I believe," was the reply. "There's some delay about carts or mules or some-

thing. Did you hear any news from up above?"

The policeman shook his head. "The Burmans have a rumor that one officer has been killed."

"Did they say which?"

"They said the younger."

"Poor old John," said the soldier bundling the letters back into the bag. "There are a lot of letters here for him, mostly in a woman's hand; some girl, I suppose. Poor John! poor girl!"

"It probably isn't true," continued the police-officer. "You know how yarns get about."

"Well we'll hope not. Hollo! what's this?"

The havildar who commanded the escort on the launch was at the door, holding out a letter. He said it had been sent on board just before the launch started, and he was instructed to deliver it himself. The officer commanding took it and looked at it.

"News of the column?" asked the policeman.

"It's not for me at all," answered the soldier; "it's for the Major up there,—look."

He held up the letter. It was the usual official envelope *On Her Majesty's Service*, and was addressed to the Officer Commanding the besieged post. In one corner was written in red ink in very large letters, underlined in red, the words *Very Urgent*. "I suppose it's news of the column, but it will have to wait with the others," and he threw it into the bag.

The policeman looked thoughtful. "Seems a pity it can't go on," he said. "It is evidently very urgent."

"So it is written," replied the soldier; "but that won't help it."

"It's probably to tell them when the column will arrive, and bid them hold on," said the policeman.

The soldier nodded. "Very likely," he agreed.

The policeman reflected. "When did

they say they had rations up to?" he asked.

The soldier looked up, from tying the bag. "I forget exactly. Only up till two or three days ago, I think, but they'll go on half rations for a bit all right. Anyhow we can't do anything. What is in your mind, Bobby?"

The policeman did not answer, but rose and went out. In an hour he was back again. He walked into the soldiers' quarters and held out his hand. "Good-bye, old chap, and give me the letter; I'll take it."

The soldier stared in blank surprise. "What letter? Where are you off? What's up?"

"I'm going to take that urgent letter up to the fort," he replied. "Look here, old chap," and he sat down on a box; "I've just been thinking it over, you know. Those fellows up there must be in a tight place. We know that their rations must be pretty short, and they are nearly all of them sick. They won't have heard any news for a long time now, and they'll think they are forgotten. What I'm afraid of is that, finding their rations running very short and hearing no news of help, they may decide to march out and try to get down to us. With not a quarter of them fit to hold a rifle, you know what that will amount to. This letter no doubt tells them that the column is just starting. It'll buck them up to get the letter and may prevent any misfortune; so I will take it."

"You?"

The policeman nodded. "It's only fifty odd miles, a pleasant stroll," and the policeman laughed.

The soldier tried to dissuade him. "Can't you get a native to go?" he asked.

The policeman shook his head. "I tried, but not a man would hear of it."

"But do you think you'll ever get through?"

"Oh yes," he answered carelessly.

"I dare say it's nothing like so dangerous as one supposes. I can't bear to think of those fellows waiting and waiting and no news coming."

"You'll get a Victoria Cross if you do get through."

The policeman laughed. "Victoria Crosses are for lucky soldiers," he replied, "not for bobbies. However I dare say they'll give me a leather medal. Well, I must be off."

They walked down to the gate together. "I don't know," said the soldier as he looked down the winding path that led to the forest, "that I ought to let you go."

"Oh bosh!" said the policeman. "Don't you worry yourself, old man; I'll be through all right. Drink my health to-night."

"I will do more than that," was the grave answer.

Then they gripped hands and parted. For a time the soldier stood there and watched the great athletic figure of the Englishman swinging down the path; it seemed to him the grandest figure he had ever seen. The hot sunshine surrounded him like a flood and the dead air hung heavily. The low hills where the besieged post lay seemed very far away. "I should not have let him go," he muttered as he turned, "for I shall never see his like again." Then he went in to his duties.

It was fifty-six miles to the besieged post, and it was ten o'clock in the morning when the policeman started. He reckoned it out this way. "I have six hours till four o'clock, and in that time I can do twenty miles. The road is good and I need not take much care. Then I must rest two hours. I must try and do the last thirty-six miles by dawn. It is my only chance to get in before dawn. If I cannot get through their outposts in the dark, I shall never get through."

He had with him a Burman who knew the road. Such was the confi-

dence that this great Englishman inspired in his men that when he said he wanted a guide for the march, two or three offered. Not one would have gone alone, but with him they felt they would be safe anywhere. There are some men who can inspire this feeling; they are not many.

All day through the blazing sun they marched. The road lay through sparse jungle of scattered trees and bushes, the soil covered by a scanty herbage. The Englishman walked in front and the Burman trotted behind. Down in the river-valleys the jungle grew more dense and the road more narrow. There were streams too that had to be waded. Here and there in cleared spaces in the forest were small villages and then they skirted round the forest, not wanting it known where they were going.

All day they marched. The sun rose to a hot over-powering noontide, but except for a moment now and then to drink of the streams they never stopped. The sun sank slowly, growing hotter. About the forest the breezes died and the air was as a furnace. The Englishman's coat was wet with sweat already, yet they never stopped. As the evening drew in, the breeze rose again. When the shadows became long, the beasts of the forest came out—the deer, the peacocks, the jungle-fowl—to make their evening meal. The forest began to awake after the torpor of the day.

Then at last they sat down by a stream to rest, and eat some of the food they had with them. For two hours they would rest; the Englishman had hoped to sleep, but he could not; he was not very weary yet but his pulses would not still. As he lay down on a heap of gathered leaves, his hand touched the letter. He drew it out and smiled at it. "How glad they will be to get it," he thought. "Their hopes must be very low now; they must think

they are very near the end." He looked at the words written across in red ink that glared in the evening glow like blood. "They shall get it to-morrow if I live," he said as he put the letter back.

It was hard work resting those two hours, harder than marching. His duty drew him like a cord. He seemed to hear ever in his ears, "Be quick or you may be too late." The leaves whispered it to each other as they moved, the water murmured the words as it fell. Hardly could he keep quiet. Yet he rested; for in front of him was the hardest night's work a man has ever done, and he must not break down.

At last the sun fell and the shadows rose about the tree-stems and it was time to start. He woke the sleeping Burman with a touch; "Come," he said.

Again they started. Overhead the stars gazed down passionless and quiet, but their light could not penetrate into the wood, and the road was very dark. Now and then the leader stumbled on a root, a log, a stone, and went on, marching straight forward. There might be deadly snakes on the path, but he did not care. The forest held no fears for him then; yet it was full of sounds, not the open clear sounds of the day, but the stealthy sounds of the night. Out of the darkness on either side came signs of the forest-beasts, the crack of a twig as a deer passed, or the stealthy tread of a leopard. There were other sounds too, voices of the night that no one knows, moans as of a dying man, the sighs of wandering ghosts. The blood of the Burman curdled in his veins as he listened; but before him loomed the figure of the Englishman and the steady tramp of his footfall dominated fear. They went on.

About midnight a flame suddenly flared out ahead and they stopped.

The Burman laid his hand on his master's sleeve and they retired very softly. "Hush," said the Burman.

"What is it?"

"It must be one of their pickets. It was a man lighting a cheroot."

"They cannot have pickets so far out as this; we are fifteen miles away yet, or more," was the answer.

"They may," replied the Burman; "they must. There is no village here. We must go round."

They went round, treading very cautiously through the jungle. It lost much time but it could not be helped. The only chance was to escape unseen. An hour later they were on the road again.

"We must step out," said the Englishman.

They were very tired now. The light springing step of the Burman had subsided into a drawling walk; the quick sharp tramp of the Englishman had become slower and less clear. Their feet were swollen and sore, their joints stiff, but they kept on.

Half an hour later they almost walked into another picket. As they went along they suddenly saw figures start up from the ground. There was a shout and a noise of arms. They stopped and then out of the dark a dazzling stream of flame leaped as it seemed into their very eyes; the picket had fired. Then another fired and another, till the road was full of men firing, and the silence of the night was broken by a clamor of shots. They turned and ran. Leaving the path they dashed into the forest, and in a few minutes they were safe again. Away down in the road they heard the enemy shouting and firing still, but no one had followed them. They stopped.

"We cannot go by the road," said the Englishman. "It is full of pickets."

"We cannot go at all," said the Burman.

"Is there no other road?"

"There is none."

"Then we must go through the forest."

But the Burman would not go. "What is the use?" he said. "Our only chance was to get through unknown; but now that picket has alarmed the whole country. We cannot get through."

The Englishman laughed. "Come," he said. He laid his strong hand on the Burman's shoulder lightly and the man's fears fled. For this Englishman has that magic that can make men forget fear and follow him. You look at such men and their courage comes into your veins, and you will do all you are told. They went on.

They had no path now, but they knew whereabouts the post lay and they went in that direction. A Burman is a natural compass. He can tell at all times, at all places, night or day, in forest or plain, by sea or land, indoors or without, where the north is. He never hesitates; it is an instinct. They knew the besieged post lay west, and westward they went.

The forest here was thicker and harder to get through. There were creepers that caught their bodies, and roots that tripped their feet. Sometimes they fell, but always they kept on, very slowly now, though, for the forest was dark and it was hard forcing a way through it. They knew that they would never get in by dawn.

And indeed, when the dawn came they were still far away. It came early, too early for their desires, first in that wonderful light that comes along the east and grows so fast into the pink and crimson of the sunrise, and later in level shafts that pierce the tree-tops and stretch like golden bars across the forest. Even in their weariness they had eyes for the miracle of the sunrise.

And they were weary. It was twenty hours now since they had

started, and for eighteen of these hours they had been on their feet; it was a very haggard pair the morning sun shone upon that day. When it grew broad daylight they sat down to rest, choosing a place on a hillside whence they could see before them the undulating forest, with broken spaces in it, that stretched up to the hills.

"How far do you think we are now?" asked the Englishman.

The Burman pointed to a low hill to the right. "Behind there," he said.

"Five miles?" guessed the Englishman.

"It may be six," was the answer.

"We will rest for two hours," said the Englishman, "and then go on."

The Burman was too weary even to reply. He drank a little water from a gourd that hung about his neck, too tired to eat. Then he lay down on the bare ground and shut his eyes, lying as one dead.

The Englishman dared not try to sleep. He had made up his mind to wait there through the early morning hours, then creep as near as he could to the post and make a dash for it about two o'clock when the day was at its hottest. The besiegers would be asleep then, he thought, or at all events off their guard. Wait for another night he dared not; every hour he delayed might risk the safety of the post. And besides, the enemy were alarmed now and no doubt they would have by this time received information from below of his march. They would make a circle round that post to-night that a rat could not get through; and they would very likely follow up his tracks, so soon as it grew light, from the picket he had disturbed. He dared not wait till night.

But he had two hours to spare easily, so with his back to a tree he sat down and watched the country with half-dreaming eyes. His mind was full of thoughts, of pleasant thoughts surely;

there are no thoughts sweeter than those that come from a great deed greatly done. When he thought of those he was coming to succor, his heart grew very warm within him. How glad they would be to see him and know of their safety. He drew out the letter with its red inscription and looked at it and laughed. How full of joy they would be after all their danger and trouble! There were his friends, too, half over Asia; they would be glad when they heard what he had done; and besides them are there not others? No man's thoughts could be more glorious surely than those this Englishman had a right to think in that golden dawn.

The sun grew high at last and he awoke the Burman, who looked with bloodshot eyes wearily at his master and tried in vain to move his limbs. "Thakin, I cannot; they are stiff. I cannot go any more. We may as well die here as a few miles further on."

The Englishman lifted him up. "Die," he laughed very cheerily. "Who is going to die? Not you or I, I'm quite sure. Come along, old chap."

"Thakin, my legs are like wood; my head goes round."

"Never mind your head; it'll get all right. Here, I'll help you a bit till you get warm again."

They trudged on, the Englishman half carrying the Burman. Weary and footsore, hungry and thirsty, their eyes drooping from sleep, with the burning sun above them and death closing upon them from all sides, they trudged on. Yet to the Englishman the knowledge of a great deed nobly done made him glad, and to the Burman the fellowship of a great heart made him forget all else, even himself. And thus they went on.

Inside the besieged fort they had grown almost hopeless. Day had been added to day, and no news came to

them. The sick increased, and of comforts to give them there were none. Food was growing short; for a week now they had been on half rations, and even that would not last very much longer. They were worn and sick at heart, but they fought on.

And they had need to fight. Every day, and nearly all day, the enemy fired upon them. They had occupied places of vantage without the post, commanding every path that led to it. Their numbers daily increased, and they became more jubilant as the relieving columns were driven back and the post seemed at their mercy.

It was a day in the afternoon and it was very hot. The besieged were resting, half asleep within the post, for this was their hour of ease; even the besiegers found it too hot to continue their fire. Then suddenly, in the steamy silence of the day, a clamor broke out. It was from without the fort; there were shouts and cries, and then shots. The garrison leaped to their feet and ran to the breastworks. Surely it must be an attack. And this is what they saw: a gaunt brown figure limping fast across the little patch of open towards the fort, followed by a Burman. The enemy shouted and yelled at him, for he was escaping them. They fired at him without result, the bullets dashing the earth up close by him. One or two ran out to cut him down with their swords, but the Englishman turned on them with his revolver and they fled. A great shout went up from within the fort, and a party ran out to cover the Englishman's advance. In a few minutes more he was within the stockade and they all crowded round him rejoicing, questioning, laughing, a babel of tongues.

The subaltern seized him by the hand, the sepoy saluted and touched him respectfully on the shoulder. "Shabash!" they cried. "Shabash! (Well

done, well done)." They could have cried out of very pride to see him. No man had earned his Cross better surely than he.

So the Major of the besieged post got his letter with its urgent inscription, and read it. It was from the

Macmillan's Magazine.

Commissariat Department asking him to forward at once a long outstanding return that was required to make up some accounts. That was the letter. Of the greater ironies of life there is nothing to be said. One cannot even laugh.

Harold Fielding.

PEOPLE'S THEATRES IN RUSSIA.

Very few Englishmen have come away from St. Petersburg of late without having paid at least one visit to the *Narodni Dvorets*, or People's Palace of Nicholas the Second, which was opened two years ago for the recreation and amusement of the working classes of the city. The building itself, with its great theatre, lecture halls, and dining-rooms, with its accommodation for 6,000 persons, is imposing enough to attract the attention of any passer-by; and its apparently anomalous position in the capital of an autocratic country, where, as the legend goes, the people exist only to pay taxes and carry rifles, strikes the majority of visitors as something absurd. It is regarded as a matter of pride that London so early had its People's Palace, and in Berlin the Schiller People's Theatre is hailed as a triumph of social enterprise. That a backward capital like St. Petersburg should have an institution of the same kind, differing only in that it is, if anything, more successful than either, seems anomalous. But it would seem stranger still if it were generally known that this theatre, so far from being the first of its kind in Russia, is itself only the outcome of a very remarkable movement which has been going on in Russia for the last fifteen years, and which indeed has its roots

in a much greater antiquity. This movement, which may be summed up by saying that its object is to provide rational amusement for the working classes, has, of course, a parallel in all parts of Europe. But it is very remarkable that in a shorter time and working upon much less fertile ground, the movement has developed in Russia to a measure of success quite unparalleled anywhere else. At the present time there are about 200 People's Theatres, great and small, in Russia, and projects for the construction of fifty or sixty others are on foot. Accomplishments and projects alike are to be found in every part of the empire, from St. Petersburg to Odessa and from Warsaw to Vladivostock; and even the uncompleted town of Dalny, which has as yet no population, is building a theatre for the workmen with whom its unpeopled streets are soon to be thronged.

It is very remarkable to see a social movement springing up apparently from a common impulse among a people reputedly so apathetic as the Russians to all but material betterment, and not very enthusiastic even about that. The Russians themselves never cease lamenting the lack among their own influential classes of the civic spirit which finds in service of the locality the-

best of all services to the State. They point with despair to the popular universities, the workmen's clubs, the free libraries and free lectures of the West. Casual visitors bring away from the country the idea of an inert mass of latent energy twitched into occasional spasmodic activity by the central government; the mass itself, they find, has neither volition nor operative energy. The popular Russian novelists confirm this impression, and sum up the inhabitants of the government and district town—the doctors, lawyers, schoolmasters, and that considerable class of manufacturers and merchants which has sprung up of late in the mechanism of an artificially stimulated industrial activity—as a sodden, undistinguished mass of inert ignorance, enamored of *vodka* and *vint*, made humorous only by a pathetic stupidity—a people among whom no lamp of civic patriotism or enlightening zeal has ever burned. The mob is bestial and incorrigible; the local intelligence narrow and vulgar; and officialdom so stupid as to be capable—as in one of Tchekhoff's masterpieces—of tricking into the Zemstvo lunatic asylum a stray enthusiast of humanity whose civic zeal was limited to purging the district hospital of bribery and bugs. The grey shade of venality hangs all over the town; with the floods of spring, children are drowned in the abysses of unpaved streets; the postman opens letters for the amusement of his mistress; sordid love, aimless secretiveness, and barbarous insensibility make up the only tragedies, and the pride and ignorance of local magnates the only comedies of provincial life. In the capitals, a little ineffective, ill-cultivated intelligence struggles in a larger sea of similar squalor. But nowhere does the jealous, critical citizen exist as he exists in Western Europe. The irresponsible humanitarianism of *Virgin Soil* is dead,

and it has left nothing behind. Such is urban Russia, as portrayed by those who ought to know it best, and the grey picture is acclaimed as a masterpiece in all quarters of the empire.

How far the artist's license is responsible for the coloring, it is not easy to say, but it is certain that objective evidence, not colored by sentiment, might be adduced to prove that relatively to wealth and culture, there is as great a manifestation of civic vigor in Russia as in any country in Europe. For instance, we find¹ that two years ago there were some 15,000 private societies in the country engaged in all kinds of educational, social, and charitable work, and covering everything, from the relief of famine to the sending of tired school children to seaside camps. This represents a very high level of social activity for a poor and unorganized country like Russia, especially if it be noted that many undertakings which are here regarded as work for private organizations are there maintained out of public funds. In Russia, hospitals, asylums, crèches, and Sunday schools (for secular education) are kept up by local authorities. The Zemstvos insure village buildings, publish cheap literature, carry on courses of free lectures, and provide medical aid. The peasant communes provide for their own aged and infirm. Most of these works have been carried on energetically ever since the Emancipation, so that it was not altogether in a *milieu* of social stagnation that the movement for providing recreation for working people originated and developed to its present remarkable stage of success.

The first People's Theatres in Russia sprang up in the larger cities; it is only within the last three or four years that they have spread to the provincial and district capitals, and still more

¹ "Institutions de bienfaisance de l'Empire de Russie." St.-Petersbourg, 1900.

recently to the villages. Up till a recent time the urban proletariat in Russia was very small. The vast majority of the workers in the capitals and manufacturing towns were drawn from the neighboring villages, to which they remained bound by bonds which could be broken only by taking certain formal legal steps. These people worked all day, seldom for less than twelve hours, slept in the factory barracks, and only on Sundays and holidays returned to their families in the villages. The few thousands who came from distant localities, or who had been released from the communal bond, remained in town, drank and fought, and generally ended their holiday, according to Gogol's prescription, by going to sleep in the middle of the street. The fact that these men earned but a fourth of the wages of Western workmen, while living in towns where the cost of all the amenities of life is, if anything, higher than in the West, shut in their faces the doors of even the cheapest places of public amusement. A shilling was a hopeless charge to a man who earns on an average rather less than that sum in twelve uninterrupted hours of heavy toil. Drink, tossing for kopecks, fighting, and an occasional orgy on some local Hampstead Heath, followed by the untroubled sleep of the habitually drunk, were the only holiday joys of the transplanted peasants in the Russian cities. In the country things were better, for the week's healthy labor in the field was followed by village sports, and gatherings for the singing of those miraculous choruses which turn rural Russia on holidays into a nest of song-birds. But this was only in the summer. In winter neither work nor play came to vary the ice-bound monotony which binds all the Russias in a common bond of stagnation throughout half the year. Mechanical competition has killed nearly

all village industries, and the simpler forms of open-air sport are impossible in winter. In default of work, no country ever wanted to be amused so badly. To this consciousness a great number of social reformers simultaneously and all over the country awoke, and among societies, individuals, and municipalities, a movement, soon afterwards attaining almost to a mania, for building theatres for the people began. This movement proved a complete success, not only financially, but in its educational and moral fruits; and it has developed in such a way as to offer to social reformers who have to grapple with the dulness of city life among the very poor, and the depopulation of the villages by the mentally active, a model well worthy of study.

It is probably the first time on record that Russia could boast of teaching the world anything in social reform; and it is an admirable illustration of the saying that "when Russia ceases to be a hundred years behind the times she will be a hundred years in advance." Indeed, a People's Theatre of a sort actually existed in Russia more than a hundred years before anything of the kind was thought of in Western Europe. As long ago as 1750 (a few years before the National Theatre proper was founded by the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna) a Yaroslavl manufacturer named Volkhoff established a theatre in his works for the benefit of his employes. This was the first of the Russian "factory theatres," many of which exist in Russia to-day, their difference from the ordinary People's Theatres being that while the factory theatres are intended for the use only of the employes at the works to which they are attached, the People's Theatres are open to all working men. In this first factory theatre audience and actors alike were drawn from the ranks of the workmen. The

idea of training serfs to provide their own amusement seems strange to-day. But before the Emancipation, many of the great Russian nobles had private theatres at their country houses, and maintained vast numbers of servile actors, mimics, buffoons, dancers, and even opera singers. It is even related of a certain Count Kamensky, that he used to interrupt the performances, and publicly flog his opera *artistes* when they failed to sing in tune.

Thirty years ago an unsuccessful attempt was made to found a theatre for working people at Odessa, and two years later Moscow opened its "Everybody's (Obstchedostupni) Theatre." This latter was not, strictly speaking, a working man's theatre, being open to all classes, and distinguished from other theatres merely by its low charges for admission. It was left for the remote city of Tomsk in Siberia to make the first successful experiment in founding a genuine and successful workmen's theatre. This theatre, like nearly all similar institutions in Russia, had a directly educational origin, being founded by the local society of "Friends of Education." For the first two years of its existence this society had contented itself with helping poor students, organizing lectures, and holding evening classes for workmen. But in 1884, owing to the beneficence of a local resident, M. Valgunoff—one of that remarkable class of merchants, not found outside Russia, who are able to draw cheques for millions of roubles to which they can hardly sign their names—the Friends of Education founded an institute, to which was attached a small theatre for working men. The experiment proved so successful that the revenue of the society was trebled, the theatre doubled in size, and a museum and a number of class-rooms added to the institute. While this experiment was in progress, a similar movement was being organ-

ized in St. Petersburg. The Neva Society for Promoting Cheap Recreation was formed with the object of organizing holiday *fêtes* for the working classes. These *fêtes* were at first held in the suburbs, the chief attraction being an open-air stage, with clowns, story-tellers, and singers. Ten kopecks ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) was the admission charge. The entertainments paid their expenses, some 67,000 persons, all belonging to the working class, being present at the first season's *fêtes*. After a year's trial the society had got so far as to be able to play Ostrovsky's comedies by professional actors. So far these entertainments had been held only in summer-time; but after three years' experience a permanent stone theatre was opened in a park on the Schlüsselburg Road. By 1897 the success of the society was so great that they were able to pull down this theatre, and erect in its place a large building, costing 300,000 roubles and holding 1,600 persons. In 1900 the society had a reserve capital of 174,000 roubles, after paying all debts. They had begun fifteen years before with a capital of 1,370 roubles. In the fifteen years they had not only established themselves on a sound financial basis, but they had been enabled out of their profits to build as adjuncts to the theatre two free libraries and reading-rooms; and they are at present considering a project for building cheap bath-houses and establishing river boats and skating-rinks on the Neva.

The success of this experiment was so great that the manufacturers on Vassili Ostrof took the hint and raised a fund for building a People's Theatre on the island for 800 persons. This theatre, when full, takes 360 roubles in admission fees, the prices of admission being from 12 kopecks to $1\frac{1}{4}$ rouble. The average price of nearly half a rouble is, however, much higher than is usual in Russia, and results

from the relatively high wages earned by the workmen in the capital. This theatre has always paid its expenses, and its success may be judged from the fact that a few years later the same manufacturers formed a subsidiary committee for providing dinners and teas for workmen at cost prices.

Both the Tomsik and the two St. Petersburg experiments were due to private initiative, although, it should be added, the Neva Society, in their second and enlarged undertaking, had been subsidized to the extent of 60,000 roubles by the Temperance Board of the St. Petersburg Government. But the greater number of the People's Theatres now springing up all over Russia are the direct result of municipal enterprise and civic enthusiasm, and in that respect are even more interesting and instructive than the private undertakings. The great People's Theatre in Odessa is an example in point. Most of the local governing bodies in Russia, though hedged round in regard to politics by administrative restriction, have a freedom quite without parallel in Western Europe in the disposition of public moneys. It is a common practice, for instance, for the Zemstvos and municipalities to celebrate anniversaries associated with the births and deaths of famous men by founding courses of lectures, building free libraries, publishing cheap literature, and opening cheap dining-rooms for working men. The Pushkin Centenary, which was celebrated in 1899, was the origin of scores of such institutions all over Russia. The Odessa People's Theatre had a like origin, the municipality having decided to commemorate the millenary of the death of Methodius by founding an institute and lecture hall for the use of the poorest class. This project, decided upon in 1885, was not carried out until 1893, when a working men's theatre, holding 1,000 persons, was built, together with a lecture hall, a free li-

brary, and a shop for the sale of good literature at nominal prices. The municipality, which devoted 100,000 roubles to the construction of this building, grants 8,000 roubles a year for its maintenance and improvement. But, like nearly all the popular theatres in Russia, the Odessa institution has been a financial success, the educational adjuncts contributing to the revenue. The Publication Committee sold in one year nearly 200,000 books and pamphlets at an average price of less than a penny. Here also, for the first time in Russia, was established a Poor Man's Law Bureau. In the first year of its existence the Odessa Theatre gave thirty-four performances attended by 28,000 persons, nearly all belonging to the working class.

The Odessa municipality is, however, only one of many who have regarded it as part of their civic duty to provide for the recreation of the working class. In some of the larger towns People's Theatres, founded by private individuals and educational societies, have been taken over by the town, while in other cases the municipality co-operates with individuals and societies by granting land or public buildings, or by voting money either in a lump sum or in the form of a yearly subsidy. In other cases, the Temperance Boards co-operate with the municipalities or with private societies. Co-operation of this kind was the origin of the fine People's Theatre which is now being built at Ekaterinoslav. This theatre, however, had an antecedent history, which is interesting as illustrating the growth of the movement. The local Committee for Promoting Lectures for the People, having outgrown its original programme, applied for and obtained a free grant of land from the municipality, and spent 40,000 roubles on a hall for lectures and the drama. In their small hall they carried out a programme of plays for working men, concerts, free panto-

mimes for children, and dances for working men's families. Occasionally plays were acted in the Malo-Russian dialect for workmen from the country districts, who seldom understand Great Russian. The society succeeded so well that it soon drew upon itself the benevolent attention of the Governor, Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, who used his influence to obtain a grant of 50,000 roubles from the Temperance Board. With this money, and 100,000 roubles obtained from municipal funds and from private sources, a People's Theatre for 1,500 persons is now being built. The Ekaterinoslav project is really to build a People's Palace rather than a theatre, for it provides not only for an auditorium, but also for lecture halls, a concert room, a free library, a cheap bookstall, a museum, a gymnasium, and a children's hall.

The history of this most successful society is made remarkable by an interesting experiment in social finance. The rapid developments at Ekaterinoslav had resulted in the society getting into debt to the amount of 8,000 roubles. In a country where ready money is so scarce as in Russia, this is a very considerable sum, and as the debt was held by private individuals outside the society's ranks, it was regarded as a mortgage upon its future prosperity. The society, therefore, determined to raise the money in the form of a joint loan from its own members, to be paid off when funds permitted. The debt was divided into shares of 10 roubles each, members to take up as many shares as they liked, and to receive four per cent. interest. As the majority of members were persons of very limited means, those who wished were allowed to take up their shares in ten-monthly instalments of a rouble each. As the money came in, the original debt was paid off. By this means the disadvantages of paying a high rate of

interest and of uncertainty when the money would be called for were overcome, and the finances put upon a safe basis.

Tambof is another important Russian town which rejoices in a People's Theatre. Here the theatre is merely an adjunct to the Popular University, which was founded at a cost of 300,000 roubles by M. Narishkin, who had already spent 400,000 roubles in forming a local Teachers' Institute. The teachers whom M. Narishkin had trained came to the conclusion that there was no better way of utilizing their knowledge than by organizing lectures and dramatic entertainments for the people. After an attempt had been made to carry on this undertaking in the school buildings, with the inevitable result that the audience became too large for the hall, M. Narishkin built a large auditorium, which is regarded as one of the finest in Russia. Kazan has two theatres for the people. One of these, the "factory theatre," outside the town, was built out of funds left by a wealthy leather merchant for the benefit of his employees; but as the use of this theatre is limited to the workmen employed in the founder's works, the municipality determined to celebrate the Pushkin Centenary by building a People's Theatre for the use of the townspeople in general. The impulse of the Pushkin Centenary spread all over Russia, and municipal theatres were built at Nijni-Novgorod, Baku, Simferopol, Krasnoyarsk in Siberia, and even in distant Vladivostok. These, however, are but a few of the enormous number of People's Theatres which have sprung up in Russia within the last ten years. There are theatres founded by private educational societies in Kleff, Kharkoff, and Riazan, and a "Gogol People's Theatre" in Poltava. Joint municipal and private theatres are either open or being built in Tiflis, Kostroma, and Perm. The

Perm Theatre will hold 1,200 persons, the municipality and a local society having obtained a grant of 50,000 roubles from the Temperance Board on the ground that rational amusement favors abstinence. In Yalta a People's Theatre is being founded by the municipality with financial assistance from the Zemstvo. Even the Asiatic town of Askhabad has a semi-municipal theatre. The only town in which record is made of official opposition is Stavropol, where the municipality, after having granted 10,000 roubles, and applied for a grant of 25,000 roubles from the Ministry of Finance, met with opposition from the Governor.

So far these theatres are all due either to municipal enterprise or to private initiative, only subsidiary aid being received from other sources. Under these conditions the movement prospered so well that a "People's Theatre" gradually became the mark of a progressive town. Innumerable projects sprang up, and in many towns the citizens, unsatisfied with small and unpretentious buildings, demolished them in order to erect new buildings in which all the educational adjuncts which generally accompany the theatre might be concentrated in a single building. Most of the theatres are surrounded by considerable parks, and in these an open-air stage for use in the stifling heat of the Russian summer is generally to be found. But one reform, not in any way directly connected with theatres, gave a sudden stimulus to the movement which even its continuous success had failed to supply. This was the institution in 1894, as part of the reform of the liquor traffic carried out by M. de Witte, of the Guardianships of Public Sobriety, which I have hitherto called, for shortness, Temperance Boards. The object of these Temperance Boards, briefly put, is to organize counter-at-

tractions to the soul-destroying *kabak*. They dispose of considerable revenues; and have power to initiate social reforms on their own account, or to subsidize private societies engaged in any work calculated to diminish the evils of drink. The first work to which these boards devoted their energy was the organization all over the Monopoly governments of vast numbers of tea-rooms, where non-intoxicating drinks and light food are sold at cost price. At first only four eastern governments were subject to the Monopoly, but the area experimented upon was sufficiently large to prove that the tea-room counter-attraction would be universally a failure. The rooms caused a heavy loss and they were condemned in the official *Viestnik Finansov*, with the result that many were closed and others converted into free libraries. The libraries were more successful in drawing the public, but, while carried on altogether at a loss, they were not very effective as counter-agents to drink. The Temperance Boards, having witnessed the transformation wrought by the People's Theatres already opened, decided that the best thing they could do with their funds would be to encourage the movement. At first they were content with subsidizing private societies and helping the municipalities, but, after proving the success of the movement, they set about building theatres of their own. It was found that while the tea-rooms were a failure by themselves, they paid their expenses and yielded a profit when carried on in conjunction with theatres; and the tea-room adjunct is now the chief external mark by which the Temperance Board's theatres are distinguished from their predecessors. In 1900 the Perm Board spent about a third of its revenue in building theatres and training singers. In Samara there are about ten theatres, and in all the western and southwestern govern-

ments to which the Monopoly was extended in 1896 theatres have been, or are being, built. At Zhitomir the theatre is occasionally used for working-class dances; and peasant marriages are arranged off-hand upon the spot, with that minimum of preliminary love-making which reminds an Irish visitor to Russia so closely of his native land. In St. Petersburg the Temperance Board is now building five theatres, and another is being built in Warsaw—all these having gardens around them with uncovered stages for summer use. Altogether the (St. Petersburg Board has now about a million roubles invested in People's Theatres. Finally, in 1900 was opened the great People's Palace of Nicholas the Second, with its theatre, its libraries, its lecture halls, and its dining-rooms holding some 1,500 persons.

The theatres of the Temperance Boards have met with, if possible, a greater success than those founded by the municipalities. The boards have had to overcome none of the official obstacles too often opposed in Russia to enlightening institutions. In the opening of a free library correspondence goes on month after month with the local chancelleries, and only a very small proportion of the books authorized by the Censure for general public reading are allowed free circulation in the hands of peasants and artisans. The theatre movement has been more fortunate. It has enlisted the sympathy of M. de Witte, who, regarding the problem as a financier, probably finds in its financial success the greatest proof of its utility. The measure of that success may perhaps best be judged from the judgment of the official *Messenger of Finance* in 1899. "It has been found that theatrical representations, concerts, *fêtes*, and dances are regarded with so much sympathy by the working classes that they not only almost invariably pay

their expenses, but even bring in surpluses sufficient to provide for the extension of the movement."

There is still another class of People's Theatres which has lately developed considerably, and which deserves notice as perhaps the most interesting and instructive of all. These are the so-called village theatres. Serious as is the drink question in the Russian towns, it is yet more serious in the villages, where the enforced idleness of half the year makes the *kabak* the only centre of distraction outside the stifling monotony of the crowded hut. Ten years ago the *via dolorosa* from the *kabak* to the usurer's and back to the *kabak* was the only trodden path in the snow-bound village; and in the popular saying "kabak, kulak (money-lender), never come back" was contained the whole, and almost the only, tragedy of Russian village life. But the struggle against the greatest of Russian ills, so manfully carried on in the great cities, has now spread to the villages, and of late years in little centres of population of three thousand souls and less, miniature theatres for the people have sprung up like magic palaces. In Orloff, Tula, Ufa, and Samara, village theatres, with village actors and a village audience, are already in existence, and others are being built—furnished is a better word, for the centre of nascent intelligence is generally a vacant barn, emptied too often by famine. The Viatka Zemstvo, a progressive body in one of the most backward provinces of the empire, is now considering a project for opening a dozen People's Theatres in the small district towns. The Temperance Boards encourage this movement by subscribing small sums; but, what is perhaps more remarkable, the peasant communes sometimes take the initiative themselves, and build and furnish their own theatres out of their scanty funds. Cases of this kind are

recorded of villages in Ufa and Viatka, the peasants in one instance devoting as much as 2,000 roubles in money and material to the building of an audience hall. In villages in Kharkoff, Tchernigof, and Bessarabia a number of small theatres have lately been founded by communal decree. It will be noted that all these governments are among those in which the Drink Monopoly was early introduced, and it is indeed the one redeeming feature of that delusive reform that it has thus stirred into living activity the most unprogressive element of Russian life.

It is well worth paying a visit to Russia to see the harvest reared on the scanty soil of kopecks rescued from the publican and the usurer. An eastern treeless steppe in early summer is the scene. The melted snow has hardly yet found its way to the Volga, yet the sun, with a fierceness inconceivable here, has already baked the fields into cracks and crevasses. From a distance the village itself is but a little patch upon the vast flatness underneath the Oriental sky; an inferno of croaking frogs it seems at first, for no other sound is audible. Only when you have driven through half a mile of deserted street do you come upon the villagers themselves, silent, stolid, and brick-colored before their new-built temple. It is a large wooden building, with roof untidily thatched, and futile decorations of little squares of tin nailed around the doorway. In his framework of tin stands the *starosta*, bidding ancestral "children" to wipe their boots on the mat. Inside, on a red-covered bench scarcely a foot from the stage, sit the *intelligentsia*, the Justice of the Peace and his wife, a couple of untidy students, the *Zemski Nachalnik*, and a bored-looking Moscow police-officer, plainly sighing for the sophisticated joys of the Tverskaya. The peasant audience, by and for whom the theatre

has its being, occupies the rest of the hall, men to the right, women to the left, and more than one crying infant. The men fidget, the women giggle, but no one says a word, though the play has not yet begun. And indeed the play is less interesting than the audience. It begins idyllically, culminates in crude comedy, and ends in a scene of blood and thunder which recalls nothing so much as those fearful and wonderful triumphs of native painting which fill the Tretiakoff Gallery in Moscow. The language, though supposed to be Great Russian, is mostly incomprehensible to a foreigner versed only in the tongue of the cities. The actors speak their parts slowly, as if reading them, and never declaim. Only one, a young man evidently destined to a higher triumph, declaims magnificently, struts about the stage, and bows to the audience. The actresses are shy, and dispute in the side doorway as to whose turn it is to go on next. There is no curtain, no change of scene, and apparently one continuous act. The play lasts for an hour. Then a well-dressed gentleman with a benevolent face enters the hall, wedges his way through the steaming crowd, and delivers a short address on the evil consequences of drink. This is the end.

Much more finished performances than this are given in many Russian villages of the same size. The village of Yasuikova, in the government of Samara, has a theatre built of stone, which holds three or four hundred persons. This is the model village theatre of Russia, and it lately played the opera "Igor" with a village orchestra and a chorus of thirty trained peasants. The Russian peasants have, as a rule, excellent voices, and there is no pleasanter experience than to drive on a summer Sunday from village to village and hear in one after another the singing of those immemorial choruses

which form the great musical tradition of the Russian race. But opera naturally has as yet made little way in the villages. The peasants, as a rule, prefer their own music, and their improvised performances often have a charm which no directed effort could improve upon.

The charge for admission to all the Russian People's Theatres is incredibly low, even if regard be paid to the lower standard of earnings which prevails in Russia as compared with Western Europe. The lowest charge in the Berlin theatre is, I believe, fourpence. That sum is nearly double the lowest charge in St. Petersburg, about four times greater than the average charge, and twenty times more than the lowest admittance charge in the small towns and villages. It will be seen from this that in Russia admittance charges vary very much, this being due to the widely differing economic conditions of the workmen in the great cities and the peasants in the villages. Twopence-halfpenny is the lowest charge in the Neva Society's theatre in St. Petersburg, and a few seats cost as much as three shillings. In government capitals like Riazan most of the seats cost from a penny to fourpence, with a few seats between fourpence and a shilling. But in villages the unit is almost invariably a fourth of a penny (one kopeck). To understand what these charges mean to the people, the town charges might be multiplied by two or three and the village charges by four or five. But even supposing the fourth of a penny charged in the villages to represent an English villager's penny, the charges are very low.

It is not difficult, nevertheless, to see that the larger theatres, subsidized in many ways, and sometimes deriving profits from their adjuncts, have sufficient revenue to cover expenses. The actual financial conditions under which

they are carried on are difficult to describe, as many in addition to regular subsidies receive occasional grants and legacies from public and private sources, while others depend entirely upon their takings. The smaller theatres pay their way chiefly owing to the amount of amateur and gratuitous assistance which they command. The village theatres are almost entirely amateur. With a building erected, or more often adapted, by the commune, peasant decorators, peasant painters of crude scenery, and peasant actors and actresses, trained free of cost by the village schoolmaster, there is little room for heavy expenditure. In some of the theatres, indeed, no charge is made for admittance at all, and in many others free performances are periodically given for children. Lighting and hire of costumes are almost the only expenses which have to be paid for out of the takings, bought costumes going to the capital account, as they are used again and again for different plays with little regard for historic propriety. Most costumes, however, are made by village artists. Very often only the chief actors are dressed for their parts, the subordinates and supers appearing in their ordinary clothes—those marvellous, multi-colored cotton garments which so charmingly enliven the monotonous landscape of Russia in summer time. An occasional fee is paid to a professional elocutionist. But there the expense ends. As the takings of a village theatre seldom amount to more than five or six roubles, it is plain that not much more expense could be borne. The basis of the theatre is mainly personal direction and manual help, rather than monetary wealth.

The most remarkable feature of this People's Theatre movement is the great variety of the sources from which it has sprung. In a country so backward in culture as Russia, it might be

expected that any great movement in the direction of social reform would spring less from the intelligent demand of the whole population than from the initiative and enterprise of single individuals. Yet even in the earlier stages of the movement this was never the case. A few individual names are honorably distinguished as monetary supporters, and the cause has been favored by certain high officials already known for their advocacy of civic endeavor as the only charm to break the Oriental spell which holds in stagnant immobility the mass of the Russian people. The factory theatres, again, have arisen owing to the enlightened self-interest of a few wealthy merchants; these, however, have followed rather than led. The vast majority of the theatres, to a number far exceeding anything of like nature to be found in Western Europe, spring from the corporate effort of private societies and local governing bodies, the individual members of which are nameless and unknown. The educational societies led. The impulse of their activity communicated to individual citizens resulted in the formation of committees whose special object was to provide recreation and amusement. Then came the Temperance Boards, first with encouragement and monetary aid, then with theatres and concert-halls of their own. Side by side with these bodies, and sometimes together with them, work the *Zemstvos*, the municipalities, the schools, and even the village communes. Every local organization in Russia which has the control of public funds has contributed in some degree to the success of the movement. The universality of its development and of its success would seem almost to prove that it has sprung up to satisfy an organic need of the people; and it is certainly very remarkable that any social movement not artificially stimulated should have

attained success among a people generally so apathetic to their surroundings as are the middle and lower classes in Russia.

It is impossible for any people to ignore any social movement, however distant and apparently inapplicable, without a relative diminution of social efficiency among themselves. It is natural to ask, therefore, Does the success of this movement teach any lesson to ourselves? Of the English cities and towns it may be said No. From a national point of view it might rather be argued that too much has already been done to add to the glamour of city life—though even Mr. Burns's energy has not been sufficient to create a municipal theatre at Battersea. Monotony indeed exists in English cities, but it is as a rule the monotony of incessant excitement and unintermitted work. It is in the villages that the monotony of lack of thought holds its sway, and probably nothing has done so much as the pressure of this monotony to drive the national life-blood, which should be freely circulating in the veins and extremities, into the congested heart and brain. It is interesting, in passing, to note that even in peasant Russia social observers are beginning to note with alarm that same vague and restless desire for flight to the city which has already depeopled the villages all over Western Europe. But why should not advanced England attempt to do what backward Russia has done? The conditions are infinitely more favorable. We have still a countryside thickly peopled, a considerable local intelligence, wealth, leisure, traditions of culture, and inexhaustible resources of voluntary endeavor. Hodge indeed might seem at first a ludicrous Hamlet, but not more ludicrous than Vlas and Sutchok as Boris Godunov and "The Terrible Tsar." Our villagers still speak Shakespeare's English, not sophisticated journalese,

and if their language seem rude to us, that is our fault. To a village audience village speech is classical, ours a dialect, and it is for village audiences that village theatres are meant. The problem of keeping the villages populated by means of making them interesting is not merely a question of bringing laughter and tears to the faces of shepherds and ploughmen, but the much greater question whether laughter or tears will be the future lot of the English race. "To be or not to be" is the problem of the countryside, and with it is indissolubly bound the being or disappearance of the English race as a factor in the future history of the world.

P. S. Since this article was written

The Nineteenth Century and After.

the first annual report (December 1900-December 1901) of the St. Petersburg "People's Palace of Nicholas the Second" has been published. The total number of visitors during this first year is given as 1,450,564, the greatest number on any one day being 21,416. The revenue from all sources was 478,938 roubles (about 50,000*l.*). This revenue covered all expenses and provided a surplus, which was devoted partly towards extinction of capital and partly towards erecting an electrical station in the grounds. Forty-six different plays and nineteen operas, mostly Russian, were performed. The entrance fee of ten kopecks (2½*d.*) covered admission to the theatre, as well as to the grounds, libraries, and lecture halls.

R. E. C. Long.

THE HOME OF THE GERMAN BAND.

As far as the writer's memory extends, the golden age of street music in the capital of Scotland covers the seventh and half of the eighth decade of last century. The piano-organ had not yet been invented to furnish employment for the needy Neapolitan, and din in our ears the fleeting frivolities of the London theatre and music-hall. The more classic barrel-organ might occasionally remind us to "paddle our own canoe"; but the burden of its song was "The Old Hundred," "Auld Robin Gray," and fine operatic melodies like that in Halévy's "La Juive," which has been so exquisitely arranged for the piano by Stephen Heller. The musical field was also occupied by German bands, good, bad, and indifferent. At that date five or six would be found in Edinburgh, and a corresponding number in all our

large towns. It is with a German band of quite exceptional merit that I am about to deal in the following pages. This is the brass and reed band of the late Herr Michael Gilcher of Essweiler in Rhenish Bavaria, which played in the streets of Edinburgh from 1867 to 1872.

As a boy I used to follow these players for hours with melomaniac *acharnement*. On studying their movements, I observed that the bandsmen were as regular in their courses as the planets; and I got to know their pitches (as they are technically termed) so accurately, that I could track them out at any hour of the day. On Monday morning, emerging with burnished instruments from an obscure lodging, they began their weekly rounds in York Place; on Wednesday evening, after playing before a tobacconist's

shop to a smoking parliment, they would serenade Robert Louis Stevenson; then they pitched their stands a little way off in front of the house of Mr. (now Sir Alexander C.) Mackenzie; but before beginning their performance they considerably asked if they would not be interrupting him in his work. Late in the summer evenings the band was to be heard playing to large crowds either in Princes Street or in some street adjoining.

The programme which my friends performed at a particular stance commonly numbered three or four pieces—an overture, an operatic selection, a waltz, and a polka. Their *répertoire* was remarkable. The list of twenty overtures included not only easy compositions like the overtures to "Tancredi," "Norma," and "The Barber of Seville," but even Auber's "Masaniello" and Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," which are formidable enough to a professional orchestra. The operatic selections were drawn from the whole range of Italian and the most popular French and German operas. For nothing or a copper one could enjoy the finest arias from "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Faust," "Le Prophète," "Der Freischütz," and "Zauberflöte"; but Herr Gilcher went farther afield and regaled his patrons with melodies from "Attila," "Belisario," and "Anna Bolena." Though the thin orchestration, incoherence, and lack of artistic unity which mar the earlier Italian operas have justly driven them from the stage, it is indeed to be regretted that the beautiful melodies which they contain—so well adapted as they are to the sustained notes of the clarinet, the cornet, and the trombone—have given place in the programmes of our military bands to selections from the comic operas of the hour. As an adjunct to a witty libretto, and set off by pretty faces, cos-

tumes, and scenery, this light class of music may perhaps be endured in a theatre, but it really seems a dissipation of energy for thirty grown men to spend their breath in producing sound which yields so little sense.

In the region of dance music Herr Gilcher was no less fastidious. Far from pandering to the vulgar taste, he sought, like Mr. Lowe, to educate his masters. Scorning the platitudes and banalities of the English and the French school, he confined himself mainly to the classical waltzes of Lanner, Labitzky, the Strausses, and Gungl,—compositions to which our mothers and grandmothers danced as girls, but which, now neglected on account of their difficulty, are only to be heard in Austria, their original home. The good old waltz is more than an engine to make you dance: having come from the heart, it goes to the heart; and to it may well be applied the saying of Hans Andersen, "Where words fall, music speaks." I shall never forget the storm of enthusiasm that burst forth at the last concert which Johann Strauss conducted in Leipzig. As he was laying down his baton, thousands of voices exclaimed, "Donau," "Donau" ("The Blue Danube"), and the *Kapellmeister* was not allowed to quit the platform before he had performed his masterpiece. Another waltz, "The Schönbrunner" of Lanner, has become as dear to the Viennese as "Auld Lang Syne" to the Scotch; and one may often hear an entire beer-garden join in the swing of the second movement. Lanner was represented by "Die Kosenden," Labitzky by "The Bedford" and "The Essex," and Johann Strauss by many of his recent waltzes, and by those exquisite waltzes of an earlier period, "The Lockvögel" and "The Volkslied," the latter written in the Ländler style. In Gungl's compositions Herr Gilcher was a specialist. As a

matter of course he played many familiar waltzes, like "Soldatenlieder," "Hydropaten," and the "Amoretten-tänze," which experts consider the best instrumented of Gungl's works; but his musical library included not a few earlier waltzes of singular beauty and pathos which, unfortunately, are now almost forgotten. Of these it will suffice to mention "Terpsichores Schwingen," "Fleurs de Fantaisie," "Immortellen," composed in memory of Strauss the elder, and "Wanderlieder," which is compact with melody from beginning to end.

The little band was eight strong. The instruments comprised two clarionets, a flute, a cornet, a Belgian trombone, two French horns, and a bass. One or two of the players were weak, but the sweet and mellow tones of the B-flat clarionet and of the trombone were the envy of many a good player; and the boy who played the flute rose to be flautist in the Boston Orchestra, at one time conducted by George Henschel. Herr Rumpf performed on the clarionet with much expression "Roberto, oh! tu che adoro," by Meyerbeer, and "Ernani, Ernani, Involami," by Verdi, and with the E-flat clarionet-player the famous "Mira, O Norma." Two favorite pieces of the trombone-player were a cavatina by Gagliardi and "Tutto è sciolto" from "La Sonnambula." The short duet between the clarionet and the trombone in the introduction to Marriot's "Zora Waltz" could hardly have been surpassed by professional musicians. The ensemble, too, was excellent. With such skill were the pieces reduced from the score for military bands or adapted from the piano edition, that much of the full effect was preserved.

In 1872 the band suddenly migrated to America, and I was disconsolate. So zealous a votary had I been of my eight Muses, that already I knew by heart their entire *répertoire*; and many

a street and many a lamp had for me its musical history. Like a true enthusiast I could not rest content till I discovered the titles of the pieces they had played, so as to procure piano arrangements as a permanent memorial of the performances of the band. Some of these titles I learned from the men themselves; some I have never found; others I have unearthed with difficulty. Of the trouble I had in the process I shall give one or two illustrations. Many years later, while comparing notes with a musical friend, I was surprised to find that the first movement of one of my store of waltzes was identical with the Danish Volkslied, "Necken." I failed to procure from Copenhagen a waltz based on that theme. Several attempts I made at home were equally unsuccessful. At last a music-seller recognized my tune as an English waltz published thirty years before, and by sending to London the first few bars discovered the object of my quest in "The Watersprite Waltz," for which Coote had sought and found inspiration in the song of the Sea-god. Another unknown waltz I heard in a theatre, and promptly asking the title from one of the orchestra, received for answer, "The Petvot Waltz." With this unpromising title I vainly tried to procure a copy. On hearing the waltz again I asked my informant to write the name down. It proved to be "The Bedford Waltz," which his foreign tongue had transformed into Petvot. It was not until 1895 that I chanced upon the title of a striking march which I have heard from no other band than that of Herr Gilcher. Brahms' Dances and Liszt's Rhapsodies had developed in me a love for Hungarian music, and love grew to passion when I heard the marvellous fire and rhythm of the band with which Herr Barcza has so often visited this country. In order to explore Hungarian music I went to Buda

Pesth, where, among many Magyar treasures, I bought by chance a collection of five revolutionary marches of the time of Kossuth. In this little book I found, after twenty-three years, my favorite march, the defiant "Jász Kun," from the province of Cumania in Hungary. It is called in German "Die Sensenmänner," or "The Scythemen," from the improvised weapons with which the peasants fought in the Revolution of 1848.

Having learned in the summer of 1895 from some Edinburgh *Musikanten* or street musicians that my old bandmaster and Herr Jacob Gilcher, his brother-in-law, had returned from America and settled in their old home, I resolved to make a pilgrimage to the remnant of the band which had first inspired me with a love of music. From Kaiserslautern in the Palatinate, fifty miles as the crow flies southwest of Mainz, I travelled on a fine September morning to Wolfstein, in the beautiful valley of the Lauter. The Lauter flows through pleasant meadow-land flanked by basaltic or by sand-stone mountains, covered to the summit with forests of pine. Wine is extensively grown on the lower slopes, and a tolerable brand takes its name from the *Musikanten*-metropolis, Wolfstein, which nestles picturesquely at the base of the Königsberg, 1700 feet in height. The Roman road to Moguntiacum (Mainz) crosses the shoulder of the Königsberg, and the whole neighborhood is rich in antiquities, many of which have been removed to the provincial museum at Speyer. Herr Gilcher, then burgomaster of the village of Essweiler, was by arrangement waiting for me at Wolfstein station, and by his expectant look I recognized my friend in a hale old man of over seventy, with snow-white hair, mustache, and Napoleon beard, as erect and imposing as a general. After shaking hands with me, he said, "I

scarcely understand whom I have the honor to entertain as my guest." I replied, "I am the boy who, twenty-five years ago, followed your band in the streets of Edinburgh." "Alles was sonnig und wonnig war in meiner Jugend hängt mit der Kapelle Gilcher zusammen." (All that was sunny and happy in my youth is bound up with Gilcher's band.)

We crossed the rails to Schneider's Inn, and over a glass of Wolfsteiner talked of days gone by; and when I sang or whistled the old tunes, Herr Gilcher was proud to see that he had not been forgotten in Edinburgh. A weather-beaten countryman in the room, with shaggy black beard and wideawake hat, and all the air of a colonial, addressing me in good English, expressed his surprise at my musical memory. I told him that, though I was no musician, I was at least fond of music.

"Where did you learn your English?" I asked.

"In Liverpool, sir."

"What were you doing there?"

Looking towards the burgomaster, he replied, "I was fourteen years in Liverpool in the same business as Mr. Mayor, sir." At eleven o'clock, a late hour for dinner in a district where the peasants, to avoid the noonday heat, are at work in summer by four in the morning, we had a simple but excellent *table d'hôte* of five courses with wine, for which my host paid 1s. 2d. a head. There are no cabs in Wolfstein, but with the help of a chair we mounted into a ladder-cart which the burgomaster had thoughtfully provided, took our seats on a plank covered with a railway rug, and moved off in state for Essweiler, my Liverpool friend acting as driver. As we wound up the hillside under the fruit-trees which line the road, my friends pointed now to a croft, now to a shop or inn, in which was invested the little fortune

which some *Musikant* or strolling musician had made in the streets of London, Chicago, or Melbourne. At the outskirts of Essweiler we saluted an Edinburgh *Musikant* home on a holiday, who was just then in his shirt-sleeves, lopping the branches of a tree.

It now began to dawn on me that I had reached "the back o' beyont," the veritable nursery and home of the German band. To get to the burgomaster's house at the farther end of this village of crofters, we had to thread our way with caution through cattle and sheep, cocks and hens, and all the impediments of a farmyard. The burgomaster took me to his office and showed me the archives of Essweiler; we then passed into the "best room," where I was introduced to his wife and daughters, simple but kind country-people.

Over our afternoon coffee Herr Gilcher told me something of his history. After playing one season at Geneva in 1855, he was for several years member of a band in the south of France. He there worked hard at his own instrument, the clarionet, learned to play all the brass instruments, and studied the theory of music to so good purpose that he wrote an opera entitled "Telemachus." He had travelled a short time with the band in the north of Spain, and added a little Spanish to his knowledge of French. Southampton was the first English town in which he woke the echoes; and from there he went again and again with a band of his own in the steamers which plied to the West Indies. A free passage to Australia was offered to him, with the option of returning at once or of permanently settling in the colony. He and his men pitched their camp in Melbourne, where they shared the honours with the English military bands, occasionally making a round of the squatters, who enter-

tained them hospitably, and did not send them away empty-handed.

Herr Gilcher came to Edinburgh in 1867 with fifteen men, whom he divided into two bands of eight and seven. At first he appeared as an Apollo Musagetes in the larger band, but subsequently remained behind the scenes, training his men and arranging and harmonizing fresh music. The work of adapting a single piece would often occupy him the best part of a day. The bandsmen liked Edinburgh and its people, and especially enjoyed the summer evenings, when they played to appreciative and liberal crowds in or near Princes Street. During the holiday season they were to be found on board the Crinan and Oban steamer, and gave concerts in the evening at Oban in the garden of the Great Western Hotel. They suffered much during the severe winter of the siege of Paris; and sometimes their instruments froze like the driver's horn in Baron Münchhausen.

In 1872 Herr Gilcher removed to Boston, where he had as many as thirty men under his command. It was only for a short time that he played in the streets. Before long he had established his position as a musical *entrepreneur*, supplying bands for balls, garden-parties, excursions, and processions. On the 4th of July he used to appear with his entire force in uniform, and by the novel effects he introduced in his marches he quite vanquished his American rivals. "By God!" said he, "we killed them all." Two of his pupils rose from *Musikanten* to be *Musiker* or artists—his son, the flute-player, now dead, and another who has played in the orchestra of the Wagner Opera House at Bayreuth. In 1888 he left four of his sons in good positions in Boston, and returned with a competency to Essweiler, accompanied by the trombone-player, his brother-in-law, Jacob Gilcher, with

whom he had travelled for forty years. He bought a house and a small farm, on which he grew his own wine, was made burgomaster of the village, and stood high among the people of the district. Now that he had retired, he felt the *ennui* of leisure, and regretted the days of his activity when he was always rising higher. I reminded him that in his busy life he had accomplished much, and was still doing important work in his office of burgomaster.

We paid a visit to Herr Killian, the proprietor of a small inn, who was said to be the farthest-travelled *Musikant* in the valley. Unfortunately he had broken his arm, and I could not "interview" him. He was a wonderful performer on the trombone, and most enterprising and successful as a bandmaster.

In 1868 Herr Killian started with his men from Barcelona for Madrid, but was compelled to beat a retreat and withdraw from Spain, in consequence of the political troubles which resulted in the expulsion of Queen Isabella. The following year, at the suggestion of some Essweiler emigrants, he went to America to try his fortune. His band was one of the first to cross the Atlantic. One of their early experiences was to accompany a circus during a whole summer on a tour through the States. He was subsequently in Australia, and from there, I was told, he had visited the Chinese ports; and during the outbreak of cholera he and his men had buried a German doctor, a native of Wolfstein. In the service of an American showman he had seen much of India, and his travels had extended to near the Afghan frontier. Although I did not see Herr Killian, I had the good fortune to meet his brother—a man of eighty, with a clear eye and a severe and resolute expression. When the old man heard me speak of Edin-

burgh with the burgomaster, he said, "I've been in Scotland too."

"When were you there?"

"I think I was there before you, sir."

"When was that?"

"The first time was in 1842."

"Then I confess you have the advantage of me. I was not in Scotland in the year 1842. What were you doing in Scotland?"

"Year after year I went there with a band of seven men, and I have travelled on foot as far north as Thurso." He then named to me accurately the coast towns north of Inverness. He remembered Edinburgh distinctly—the Castle, the Calton Hill, and, strange to say, the place of execution. Here the burgomaster interposed, "In those days I daresay you sometimes knew what is meant by *Maul-und-Klauenseuche* (foot-and-mouth disease)?"

"That we did, but we managed to struggle through."

"Did you make much in Scotland?" I asked.

"Enough for our wants and something for old age."

"What did you think of the Scotch?"

"Good, plous, upright people."

"Well, if you have so high an opinion of Scotland, will you drink a glass with me?"

"With pleasure."

"What are you drinking?"

"*Kümmel*, sir."

In my mind *Kümmel* was associated with a dear dinner, a small glass, and a big price; and when the hostess demanded for our two glasses the modest sum of 1d., I was disappointed to find that I had paid so cheap a compliment to this interesting musical veteran, so sincere an admirer of my country.

During this conversation Jacob Gilcher passed the window of Killian's inn on his way home from his work in the fields, and I recognized him at once by his swinging walk. When we

went to see him he was chopping wood in a shed. Looking hard at him, I asked, "Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well, it is no wonder, when you have not seen me for twenty-three years. Were you ever in Edinburgh?"

"Yes."

"Can you recall the house of the Austrian consul?"

"Yes."

He then remembered distinctly how he had once gone into a house a few doors off, trombone in hand, and talked German with the people. Pointing to his house and stable, "Do you see that?" he said; "that's what I've bought with the money I made abroad."

After an early supper the burgo-master, lamp in hand, conducted me to my quarters for the night. "I am sorry," he said, "I have not a spare room for you, but," he added in his charmingly archaic dialect, "you are to stay in the inn kept by my brother-in-law, his daughter, her husband." Here, I thought, was a puzzle which only some old lady profound in genealogy could solve, but I did at last succeed in grasping the relationship so circuitously described. A large company was gathered to meet me round the plain deal table of the simple inn, —the Gilchers, two *Musikanten* from Edinburgh, the schoolmaster and his two sons, and a young sculptor who had come home for a holiday. Three bottles of *Landwein*, ordered for the good of the house and the benefit of the company, cost the amazingly small sum of 2s. 6d. From the young men I gathered much curious information which will presently be recorded. For the moment I was more intent on my musical investigations, so I turned to my neighbor, the trombone-player, and besieged him with a potpourri of tunes, including some of his operatic solos. The rest of the company, more

interested in the price of potatoes, plums, and wine, were dumfounded at the sight of the foreigner whistling and singing as if he were mad. But the bandmaster was more than gratified with the enthusiasm of his devotee, and when I said, "Don't you see the cursed Englishman knows the old pieces better than the bandmaster himself?" the good man shook his great sides with laughter.

A refreshing sleep in a bed as spotlessly clean as the cleanest in Holland prepared me for my early coffee. When I asked the hostess if she knew English, she answered me in the purest Yankee acquired in Boston, where she had been brought up. Then her father Jacob appeared and took me to his house to discover for me the names of the pieces which I wanted. From below the bed in the "best room" he dragged a clothes-basket containing the music-books of the old band, and laid them out on the table. There again were the weather-beaten pages which I had last seen in 1872, blistered by the glaring heat of Melbourne, and bespattered by the rains of Edinburgh and the snows of America. The edges of one of the books were burned: when I asked the cause, "Oh," said Jacob, "that happened in a railway accident in America when the train went on fire. We saved our books with difficulty." Despite his forty years' travels and exposure in every clime, he was never ill a day; and he was as lithe, active, and happy at fifty-four as he was in his twenties. While he went on page by page, he hopped about from one book to another, according as the melody was allotted now to this and now to that instrument, until I had identified my tune and jotted down its name. I was surprised to see how rare some of the music was. It would be hard to say how these roving musicians came by their selections from "Gemma di

Vergy" and Mercadante's "Erode," the cavatina by Gagliardi, or rarities like the Cumanian March and Lanner's waltz "Die Kosenden." A band from this quarter actually plays a selection from "Demophon," the first opera published by Cherubini in Paris, a work which has appeared in the Peters' edition, but is now never performed either in whole or in part. Possibly such choice pieces were first copied from the music-books of military bands by *Musikanten* serving in the army, and then transmitted from band to band. I was disappointed to find that Jacob had sold his trombone, and that I was not to have the pleasure of hearing a solo. He was now too busy to think of music.

"Have you never a desire to play?"

"Yes; sometimes the old feeling will rise up again when I am working in the fields, but I must just repress it."

"Well, I can never forgive you for selling your instrument: if it was a gain to you, it was a loss to every one else."

A ten o'clock lunch, consisting of the Bauer's staple dish, an ocean of ham and eggs with appurtenances, did not whet my appetite for the "hangman's" meal which awaited me at the burgomaster's an hour later. Here with Homeric hospitality was put before me a repast of five prodigious courses, of which the fourth, the traditional *Zwetschenkuchen*, was of truly titanic dimensions. The whole was washed down with generous draughts of wine of my host's own growing. I survived this dietetic adventure, and after dinner examined photographs of Herr Gilcher in his prime at the head of the band which he took to America, and of the band of a circus with which Jacob had travelled as far as Mexico.

After completing my musical inquiries, and taking leave of the family, in the company of the burgomaster I visited the well-appointed village school,

and we then went on to my little inn to rejoin Jacob, who had been copying for me the *Kapellmeister's* lovely Gemüths-Polka. A distiller's traveller arrived on the scene, and a lively debate ensued between him and Jacob whether he should pay 1 mark 80 or 1 mark 90 for 50 kilos of plums. At last I had to tear myself away from the old man with the promise that I would be sure to come and see him when I returned to Germany. He assured me of a welcome, adding pathetically, "If I live." I was accompanied to the station by Jacob, Herr Matthias, an Edinburgh *Musikant*, and the sculptor. Before quitting the village Herr Matthias took me into his house, a model of cleanliness, and there was a picture of industry—three or four young women busy with their fingers or the sewing-machine. They seemed too shy to speak to a foreigner, so I broke the silence. "You country-people," I said, "are always industrious: indoors you make clothes, and in your fields you provide us townspeople with meat, corn, vegetables, fruit, wine; without you we couldn't live." On our way we met a crowd of people following a cart.

"Is that a picnic party?" I asked.

"No, sir; that's one of our bands returning home. One arrived yesterday from America, and probably this one has come by the same steamer."

The inhabitants of the northwest Palatinate generally are of a roving disposition. The shoe-hawkers of Pirmasens, the brush-dealers of Romberg, and the showmen and pedlars of Karlsberg, are to be met with all over the valley of the Rhine. But these must yield the palm in numbers and enterprise to the *Musikanten* of the Hardt Mountains, who have made the whole world their own. They are not so often seen on the Continent as they formerly were, but they go to England, the Cape, Australia, the States, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, and one band

has ventured as far as Chill. If any one ever reaches the North Pole and finds the inevitable Scotchman smoking his pipe on the top, he is sure to be tossing coppers to a German band from the Pfalz. In my experience (and I speak with the authority of a specialist) I have known of only two bands that did not come from this district: the one was from Nassau, the other from Pforzheim in Baden. It is computed that there were at one time over 6000 *Musikanten* in the valleys of the Lauter and the Oden, and in the valley of the Glan, which receives the waters of these streams and discharges them above Kreuznach into the Nahe, a tributary of the Rhine. In these three valleys a pedestrian might safely ask his way in English; and in winter, when many of the *Musikanten* are at home, if you meet a promiscuous company of ten in an inn, seven or eight are sure to know at least one foreign language. There are single villages which could muster as many as two hundred players. But even without making a voyage of discovery and establishing the habitat of the *Musikanten* by scientific methods, it would surely not have required extraordinary detective powers to infer their common origin from the identity of much of the music that the bands play. Any one who has kept himself abreast of the street music of this generation, must have in the musical chambers of his memory many simple dance tunes peculiar to German bands and common to them all. These are unpublished compositions by the local bandmasters, or *Meister* as they are called, and they are passed on from one band to the other. One *Meister* of my acquaintance has already reached opus 300. Apart from these *anecdota*, which cannot be cited here, a piece which was invariably included in the *répertoire* of the smaller bands was Gungl's "Kriegers Marsch"; two other pieces commonly played

were an "Abschieds-Polonoise" by Flotow and the familiar "Morgenstern" Waltz of the elder Labitzky, which is now a schoolroom classic.

The patient reader will naturally inquire how old this musical industry is, and what led the crofters of the Hardt in particular to pursue it. Though it is not recorded in the "Germania" of Tacitus among the ancient institutions of the Fatherland, its origin goes back at least beyond the memory of living men, perhaps to the beginning of last century. The veteran Killian, born not later than 1815, assured me that peripatetic bands existed long before his day. More than a hundred years ago the Prince of Leiningen, who was the first husband of the mother of Queen Victoria, cleared a forest on his domain, and planting there a community of gipsies, beggars, and vagrants, named their village after himself, Karlsberg. The *Matzenberger*, as they are locally called, are known far and wide as pedlars and wandering musicians, and formerly bore a questionable reputation. But larger political and economic causes must have been at work to convert a whole region of crofters into a conservatorium of street music. Rhenish Bavaria, ceded by the treaty of Lunéville in 1802, was held by France till 1815. Neglected then by her step-mother, though subsequently reunited to Bavaria, she was so isolated from the rest of the country that she always lagged behind in trade and commerce. Mushroom Ludwigshafen and prosperous Neustadt and Kaiserslautern attest the rapidity with which the rest of the Palatinate has advanced since 1870; but the uplands of the Hardt, to which the railway penetrated only eighteen years ago, lay too far apart to participate in the general industrial progress. Still the mountainous home of the tuneful crofters was not so barren as to compel them to seek their bread abroad, for it yielded

corn, fruit, wine, and all kinds of farm produce. Perhaps it was the poor field-laborers, dissatisfied with the wage of 10s. they received for a week's hard work (or *Schaffen*, "creation," in their own beautiful language), that made the first musical wanderings; and as these proved not only lucrative but interesting and romantic, the sons of even well-to-do farmers devoted themselves to this curious vocation—surely a more reasonable solution of the land-question than shooting people from behind a hedge. The *Musikanten* would confine their earliest peregrinations to the neighboring towns, but in course of time they doubtless extended the sweep of their orbit over Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium, till they reached the ports on the North Sea: thence they would be tempted by the fabled wealth of England to cross to our El Dorado, and once there, they were on the highway to the rest of the world.

During the absence of the bandsman his thrifty wife looks after the croft, and her no less thrifty husband regularly sends remittances to eke out her scanty earnings. The event of the day is the arrival of the postman, and the women gather in the street anxiously to await his approach.

"Good news from your man?" asks one.

"Yes; he's playing in a beer-garden at Helsingfors in Finland, and sends me £2 a month. He's coming back in the autumn."

"And where is your Heinrich?"

"He's in Johannesburg, and is getting on well; for though living is dear there, the people are so free with their money that he hopes to bring with him a little fortune when he comes back next year."

"I wish my man were as near home," says another. "In his letter he tells me he has reached Sydney in safety, but the long voyage from San Fran-

cisco has eaten up his savings, and he'll have to stay for a year in Australia to make enough to pay his way home and bring something for me. When he was in America he never sent me less than a pound a-week." At times the intelligence is tragic, and on the pastor of the village falls the mournful duty of breaking to a family the news of the death of some bandsman in foreign parts. Three members of a band in Rio Janeiro were once cut off with yellow fever, and the remnant were reduced to such straits that they were compelled to apply to the German consul for assistance to take them home. To provide against sickness and death, friendly societies have been formed in many villages, numbering sometimes more than a hundred members.

As the autumn draws on the *Musikanten* are seized with home-woe—"Hoamweh" (*Heimweh*) they call it. About the time of the vintage they return from all the points of the compass to spend the winter in their native valleys; and many a scene of joy or sorrow is enacted on their arrival. In the home-coming of the *Musikant* there is a good deal that recalls the life of the sailors in our small seaports a generation ago. A little boy lays his first earnings in his mother's lap; a youth has saved enough to wed his "bride" and found a crofter's home; a father receives from his wife's arms a new-comer to the world whom he greets for the first time; a son finds his home desolate, for his aged father and mother have died while he was far away. Like seamen, too, the bandsmen bring home trophies to adorn their walls—pictures of the cities where they have played, pieces of coral, humming birds with their nests, or strange plants and animals. For the first few weeks they help to complete the harvest, lay in fuel, and make other preparations for the winter; and in the long dark

nights they crowd the inns, and over a *Shoppen* or a *Seidel* exchange their curious experiences *aus aller Herren Ländern*. One bandsman extols the beauties of Stockholm, where he has been playing all the summer at the *Strömpartern*. An *Essweller Meister* tells how every year he goes by *Lilbeck* to *Riga* and "concertises" in *Russia*. He buys for the season a pair of horses and a covered wagon, in which he houses his band—herein reviving the practice of the ancient *Scythian* inhabitants of the country whom the *Greeks* described as *ἀμαξόβιοι* or wagon-dwellers. Or some one may relate the misadventure of a band which landed at *Havana* and was forbidden to play in the streets: their money was soon exhausted, and it was only the generosity of the German residents that enabled them to cross to *Key West* and thence to *New Orleans*.

With the advent of spring the musical valleys are all astir, and the *Meister* set to work to organize and train their forces for the summer campaign. Age, death, military service, incompetence, or other causes, create vacancies in the bands which have to be supplied: if the necessary instrument is not to be had in one village, it must be sought for in the next; and if a qualified player is not forthcoming at all, the *Meister* must content himself with some beginner, fresh from the village school, who may at least suggest the part required. The boys there learn their instruments as the bandsmen do in our country towns: if there is no one to help them in their own home, they get instruction from some musical neighbor. They must also acquire a few words of English, such as, "Please to help the band," "Thank you, sir"; for out of policy the small boys with instruments as big as themselves are sent to collect the money. Once engaged by a *Meister*, they enjoy the advantage of regular instruction; and if possessed

of any talent at all, they are assured of permanent employment, with board, lodging, expenses, and a wage rising from 5s. to 18s. a-week. It is in this way that the better bands are composed which are to be met with in our large cities and in health-resorts like *Southport*, where one may hear an excellent band of eighteen men from the *Hardt* under the command of *Herr Mersy*. His brother from *Aschbach*, for the last thirty years *Meister* in *Edinburgh*, at one time employed twenty-four men; and *Herr Schneider*, who from his wealth is styled the king of the *Musikanten*, and lives in regal splendor at *Rosbach*, had never less than thirty to forty men in his three bands in *London*. When the individual players have been tested and the bands duly constituted, *ensemble* practice begins, and the performances are subjected to the keen but friendly comments of the critics of the neighborhood. In their *répertoires* the *Meister* cunningly include pieces specially suited for the countries in which they are to travel. If bound for *Russia* they prepare the *National Hymn*, and such melodies as "*Die Nachtigall*," "*Der Rothe Sarafan*," and "*Schöne Minka*"; for *Sweden* they practise, besides the *polksor*, perhaps "*Krystallen den fina*," "*Wermlands Visa*," or "*Mandom mod och morska män*"; and they think *Scotland* and *England* would not be satisfied without *Scottish* airs and selections from *Sullivan's* comic operas.

By *March* or *April* all is ready, the ladder-cart is loaded with luggage and instruments, and the bandsmen make their way on foot to the nearest station accompanied by a crowd of *kinsfolk* who speed them on their journey with many a blessing and many a cheer. Sometimes a band will take the steamer down the *Rhine* and defray expenses by entertaining the passengers to the "*Lorelei*," the "*Rheinlied*,"

and other appropriate songs; but the common practice is to travel by train to some seaport. At the time of the annual exodus as many as a hundred *Musikanten* will assemble in one day at Rotterdam ready to invade our coasts. In former times the journey to Holland or Belgium was often made on foot. When Herr Mersy first came to England in 1856, he walked all the way from Aschbach to Ostend, a distance of wellnigh three hundred miles. Nowadays this apostolic method of travelling is confined to the smaller and inferior bands, of which I have now something to say.

When all the better players have been enlisted by the *Meister* for the larger bands which systematically exploit our cities or obtain engagements at health-resorts, the residuum crystallizes into smaller companies, which are managed on the joint-stock principle, and move about from place to place. Sometimes the wives and sisters of the bandsmen are called in to fill up the ranks; and one has heard such odd-looking bands sing and play the German folk-songs in a manner countrified perhaps, still not unpleasant. But the playing of these novices is commonly execrable. Their life, however, is humanly, if not musically, interesting. Though they may earn a little money, they endure much abuse and hardship in the process. The better *Musikanten* have always a home; they are well housed, well fed, and well paid. But the strollers earn less money, live in the common lodging-house, and get their meals at irregular times. A conversation I once had with the clarinet-player in an exceptionally cacophonous band may throw some light on their mode of life. Prefacing my questions with a conciliatory sixpence, I asked—

"How long have you been in Edinburgh?"

"Two months."

"Where were you in summer?"

"We went as far north as Invergordon."

"Did you go by train?"

"No, we can't afford that; we walked all the way."

"How do you know the roads, and the best places to visit?"

"We've been many times in Scotland, and are quite at home here."

"But how did you manage the first time?"

"My father, who was for many years in Glasgow, and used to play with his band on the Oban steamer, knows Scotland well and all the places worth going to, and he gave me full instructions before we left home."

"What if you went off the road in the Highlands, and wandered among the moors where there is nobody to play to?"

"Oh, we carry a map, and we always get directions from the people we lodge with before starting in the morning." Here the bandsman, taking out his map, showed me the route he had followed.

"But how do you find lodgings?"

"We know enough English to ask; and if there is no lodging-house in the town, we sleep outside."

"How much do you pay for a night's lodging?"

"Fourpence or sixpence a head."

"Where do you come from?"

"Our home is near Wolfstein in the Rhenipfalz."

"By which route do you come to England?"

"We travelled by train to Rotterdam, and crossed to Harwich."

"How long did it take you to reach Edinburgh?"

"Three months; we zigzagged through England, playing all the way."

"How do you get your food when you move about so much?"

"We take a good breakfast at our lodging before starting; at midday we

buy some bread and cheese; and we cook some meat in the evening so as to have at least one solid meal a day."

"Are you not afraid of being cheated by the men who collect the money?"

"No; we are neighbors at home, and can trust each other; our people are seldom dishonest; but I have heard of bands in which the men suspected each other, and took day about in collecting the money."

Blackwood's Magazine.

Such is the life of the German bandsmen,—a curious life, but perchance as happy as yours or mine. Think kindly of them when you pass them, and don't grudge a copper for the "gude-wife" at home; and if you should ever be in the Pfalz, don't fail to visit the oldest-fashioned place and the simplest and kindest people on earth. *Es leben die Musikanten.* "Fröhlich Pfalz, Gott erhalt's."

George B. Gardiner.

THE BEHAVIOR OF ANIMALS IN UNFAMILIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

"Although he wrote it all by rote
He did not write it right"

was the sarcastic description of an undergraduate's performance in the schools of one of our great universities. Many of the operations which mark the lives of insects are done by rote, and in nine cases out of ten are accomplished with the unerring skill of an expert and the precision of a machine. So accustomed are we to the view that instinct rules among animals, and especially among invertebrate animals, that we are wont to express considerable astonishment when the living machines deal with unforeseen and unfamiliar events in any but a commonplace way. We marvel that creatures of rote should be able to adapt themselves to the unexpected, and to deal with it in a manner which would do no discredit to human intellect. It is always interesting to watch, from the height furnished us by our own talents, the humbler efforts of less gifted individuals. The man in the street criticises the tactics of generals, the naval evolutions of admirals, the policy and administration of statesmen, the composition, drawing, and coloring of

artists, and the grammar, insight, and imagination of literary men. Like birds, beasts, and insects, they become in his eyes for purposes of discussion mere members of "the lower orders." The doings of a duke are criticised as if his Grace were only a dustman, and a bishop receives no more consideration than a beetle.

As a rule, mankind regards animals with supercilious forbearance, often jaundiced by a tinge of cruelty. Human brains are the standard by which those of animals are weighed and tested; the fact being forgotten that excellence may be of many kinds, and that the highest peak may sometimes be reached by more than one path. It is undoubtedly true that brains display more of the quality of the machine as we descend the line from man to protoplasm; but independent thought as well as routine exists far down, and the most skilled naturalist is unable to say where reasoning ends and blind instinct begins. After all, instinct is only stereotyped brain; the grey matter in the skull of a senior wrangler, and the nerve ganglia in the cranium of an ant, alike receiving im-

pressions and recording them for future unconscious and automatic use; these impressions being transmitted from parent to offspring along with that mystery we call life; so that the keys touched on the organ of the universe in, say, the carboniferous period, produce their appropriate music in these latter days. The unexpected, which does not always happen, in spite of a mendacious proverb to the contrary, nevertheless presents itself so frequently as to render its investigation an interesting occupation, and at the same time throws much light on the quality of reasoning power possessed by animals. Are animals mere creatures of routine? Are they able to adapt themselves to events which only befall them at long intervals in the history of the individual, or even of the race? How do they behave themselves in unfamiliar circumstances?

The invention of glass marked an era, not only in the annals of the human race, but also in those of the bluebottle and other flies. The bluebottle has not yet adapted itself to the idea of transparency as hard as adamant. It dashes into a room through the open window, buzzes round the ceiling, investigates the floor and the table, and then, attempting to find its way out again, bumps its head against one of the panes with a force sufficient to break the neck of a vertebrate; its angry roar testifying to its astonishment and indignation at finding what it supposed to be empty space a veritable prison wall. The smaller flies which have done man the honor of sojourning in his house, and which have followed him to the antipodes, rarely subject themselves to this capital punishment. The writer, who has watched house-flies long and closely, is convinced that they have adapted themselves to their, at one time, unfamiliar circumstances. When glass first raised an invisible barrier between them and

the outer air, they struck their heads like their cousins the bluebottles of the present day; but some sagacious members of the species acquired wisdom by an outward application, and transmitted the useful information to *Musca domestica* down the ages.

Many animals are omnivorous in their diet; eating fish, flesh, or vegetable matter, with equal readiness. Others, on the contrary, especially among insects, confine themselves to one particular plant, preferring starvation to a change of food. The unfamiliar is shunned as if it were poison. Molluscs are not celebrated for their intellectual powers, and slugs are not by any means at the apex of the mollusca. But even slugs are able to accommodate themselves to novel surroundings, and to take new views of life. A friend came across a large slug travelling on a dewy evening along a western cliff path. By way of a joke he took some tobacco from his pouch, out of which he was filling his pipe, and dropped it in front of the horns of the slug. Now, chewing tobacco is a familiar accomplishment among seafaring folk, but as far as is known it has not hitherto been introduced into molluscan society. At least it is improbable that tobacco in its manufactured state is known to black slugs. Instead of recoiling in disgust and alarm, the slug examined the "quid," tasted it, came to the conclusion that it was desirable, and finally ate it up. The donor of the tobacco waited for some ill effects to his slimy friend, but was disappointed; the tobacco eater, when his meal was over, gaily marching on with the air of a satisfied epicure. Another friend had a similar experience, so that there is reason to believe that if the practice of dropping tobacco before slugs became common, an impetus would be given to the operations of some of the notorious modern "trusts." Cuttlefishes, which

head the mollusca, having brains enough for almost anything short of mathematics, doubtless regard their humble cousins the oysters as "dull dogs." Nevertheless, oysters have the valuable quality of knowing when to keep their mouths shut, which is more than can be said of some of the higher vertebrates. In deep water these voiceless orators, knowing their business, remain open-mouthed; but when placed on tidal beaches they straightway apply the closure, and sit with tight lips and unwagged beards for a week at a stretch. Although destitute of heads they adapt themselves to unfamiliar circumstances.

Storms are a danger to sea-birds as well as to the mariner; the lashing waves and sweeping winds preventing them from earning their living in their adopted element. Deep-sea fishes probably pass their lives in ignorance of the fact that there are such things as hurricanes, the waves, which appear to us so magnificent and terrible, never reaching them in their untroubled depths. Fishes which haunt the shallow seas and the coast-line, as well as surface species frequenting the open ocean, have some knowledge of the meaning of a storm; but most of them have only to go below, or into deeper water, to escape its violence. But occasions arise, at long intervals, when agile fishes are entrapped near the rocks, or embayed like some helpless ship, thereby suffering wreck and ruin. In a violent north-west storm on the Cornish coast, not long ago, fresh fish were swept in almost on the writer's doorstep, including gobies, wrasse, pipe-fishes, plaice, and a conger measuring over four feet and weighing nine pounds. Why did these different species—flat, round, thick, and long—sail in before the waves, like sheep drifting before a pitiless wind and rain, instead of heading for the open sea? Migratory species know enough of the cur-

rents, the trend of the coast, and the direction where greater warmth or more food is to be obtained, to steer to their coveted havens. The fact that these expeditions are annual is no explanation of the mystery. There must have been a time when they began, and when therefore their prows were turned towards unknown seas. How migratory fishes would have behaved if embayed in a storm it is impossible to say, but it is certain that a sudden and violent gale, flinging gigantic waves on the shore, demoralized such a cunning and active fish as the conger and sent it to its doom.

Creatures with brains of a higher type than those of fishes cannot always adapt themselves to the uncertain actions of wind and wave, and to the dangers of elemental strife. On the same shore which witnessed the exit of the fishes from their ancestral home and their vain attempt to live on dry land, a hundred gannets recklessly threw their lives away. Gannets, as is well known, soar aloft, swing round, and, closing their wings, plunge down on shoals of fishes. This proceeding requires deep water, if the beaks and heads of the birds are not to be shattered. But gannets impelled by hunger, if not by greed, dash down upon fishes without considering what is on the other side, and have been seen to fracture their skulls by transfixing the planks on which herrings were resting. A bird once nearly killed a friend of the writer in its clumsy plunge on a herring by his side. The hundred gannets already mentioned, together with another hundred of their fellows, sighted a shoal of sand-eels on the edge of the shore. A heavy ground sea was breaking on the sand, but this did not deter the hungry birds. They sailed up into the air, and fell like splashing thunderbolts upon the glittering sand-eels. Then they sailed back, but not—not the two hundred.

632 *The Behavior of Animals in Unfamiliar Circumstances.*

To right and left big birds floundered and swam, or tried to swim, their breath almost beaten out of their bodies by the tremendous thud of the waves. One might have expected the keen-witted creatures would have taken warning by the disaster which had befallen their friends. But no; squadron after squadron rushed into the jaws of death, until a hundred snowy figures, and some in speckled, immature plumage, lay stretched upon the shore: for the fishermen, called together by the sight of wholesale suicide, not only gathered the battered corpses, but also, with boathooks and sticks, assisted some of the unsuccessful candidates to effect their exit from life. The circumstances were unfamiliar, and the minds of the birds were not equal to the strain. The craving for food was stronger than the instinct of self-preservation.

It may be doubted whether those of us who are able to obtain sufficient food without difficulty, can appreciate the craving for sustenance experienced by sea-birds and other animals, which have often, by the force of circumstances, to fast for long periods. Gulls will eat until they cannot fly, and when they find pilchards on board a boat will continue their feast until they can only lie down and gasp. A superfluity of food comes at such long intervals that, when it does come, the avian intellect reels at the prospect, and what seems a horn of plenty brings dire disaster. Seeing that gulls and gannets know no better, we are not surprised to hear of a John Dory, stuffed to the very mouth, floating helplessly on the surface of the water, unable to escape from a flock of sea-birds, which have deprived it of its eyesight, and will quickly take away its life. A snake which thrusts its head through the paling to seize an unwary frog, and finds itself unable to draw back again with the frog in its

throat, has wit enough to disgorge the amphibian and to deftly draw it through by the leg, so as to swallow it on the safe side of the palling; but probably a snake which happened to be on the wrong side, in company with a frog, would consume it on the premises, and so render itself incapable of wriggling through the bars.

Animals are notoriously afraid of fire, and a ring of camp fires is a common protection used by travellers to ward off the attacks of the larger carnivora. It may be that flames are associated in the minds of the animals with the pealing of thunder and the flash of lightning, or with vast jungle or forest conflagrations, for their knowledge of fires kindled by human beings cannot be extensive. Two recent experiences have suggested to the writer that this dread of flames does not exist where thunderstorms are infrequent and forest fires unknown. A kitten, two months old, which had never seen a fire except from a distance, came into a room in which one had just been lighted. A lump of coal was sending out a bright jet of flame. She looked, then cautiously approached, as if stalking some living thing, and finally put her paw upon it to test its nature. It was an unfamiliar object, and she examined it with the yearning for knowledge and the caution of a philosopher. Apparently one experiment was sufficient. The paw was hastily drawn back and the nose removed to a safer position, and although the kitten often gazed at the fire in after-days, she never approached near enough to singe her Persian fur. Her brain had taught her, not indeed to dread the fire, but to avoid actual contact with it. A story is current of a cat which dashed water upon an incipient outbreak of fire, and thus saved the house in which she lived; but much of the beauty of the story has been ascribed to the imagination of the story-

teller. The scepticism is probably uncalled for. At all events, a badger, which had made its home among the granite cliffs near the spot where this is being written, dealt with the devouring element with sagacity and skill. A friend, while painting a sea-piece, discovered a badger's lair, and thought to play the animal a practical joke. Gathering together a bundle of grass and weeds, he placed it inside the mouth of the hole, and, igniting it with a match, waited for the ignominious flight of the astonished householder. But Master Badger was a resourceful animal, and not disposed to be made a butt of practical jokers. He came up from the depths of his hole as soon as the penetrating smoke told him that there was a fire on the premises, and deliberately scratched earth on the burning grass with his strong claws until all danger was past. No human being could have grasped the situation more quickly, or displayed greater skill in dealing with an unfamiliar event.

Birds, with all their acuteness, often fail to move out of their accustomed groove. The chirping sparrows have persisted in building their nests in the roof-gutters of the next house; ignoring the fact that rain is not unknown in this climate, and that a heavy shower will flood their tenements and drown their offspring. Not only so, but next year and the year after they will do the same, failing to learn by experience how to accommodate themselves to British weather. Jackdaws, when untainted by civilization, dwell in holes in the rocks, but quickly adapt themselves to new circumstances. The writer has been almost smothered with smoke caused by a nest which completely blocked his chimney, ten feet from the top. As the chimney has only been built a few months, it is obvious that as a site it must have been unfamiliar to the troublesome birds. Now,

that time is far distant when first chimneys were invented and the first jackdaws descended their blackened depths; yet a long experience, while it has shown the birds the convenience of chimneys for holding their abominable sticks, has not taught them that their premises cannot be insured against fire. Perhaps, after all, the brains of jackdaws are sharper than is supposed. The nests are placed in the chimneys just when fires are being given up for the summer, so that the jackdaws enjoy the use of the chimneys more than the man who pays for their erection.

Belt, in his *Naturalist in Nicaragua*, draws attention to the methods of attack used by different species of wasps. One, accustomed to animals and not to man, takes care to crawl down the outstanding hairs to the skin before inserting its sting; while others, which live in the midst of human dwellings, fly straight at a man's face. The first species, true to inherited instinct, when it attacks unfamiliar human beings attaches itself to their hair or their beards. But there must have been a time when the second species discovered that the face was the vulnerable part, and the discovery was the outcome of the action of brain. To be slain in the hunting field is often regarded as the natural end of the life of a wild boar, and the boar at bay furnishes a dramatic incident to the painter and the poet. Yet this stand of the hunted beast, conducted on his part with wonderful skill, strength, and courage, in a position chosen with astonishing judgment, is often the first and last in his lifetime. The circumstances are entirely unfamiliar, but the animal does all that a living thing can do; just as if fighting for life against strange and resistless adversaries were an everyday task. On the beach below, countless gray mullets have been drawn ashore year after year. To be

enclosed in a net occurs to them as a rule only once, for individuals which escape a cast of the seine flee from the dangerous spot as if it were tainted by the plague. Yet the keen-witted fishes, when imprisoned within the meshed walls, display as much ingenuity and skill in endeavoring to break out again, as would be astonishing in the case of the highest of the mammalia. A fish's brain, if the mullet be taken as its representative, is acute and profound.

Longman's Magazine.

An orator once advised his hearers to tie their brains in a knot if they wished to achieve intellectual success. Nature has already performed this operation upon vertebrate and invertebrate creatures, and on all the higher species in both classes in abundant measure. How matter can be translated into mind, and mind into action, is a mystery. The outcome of that mystery calls for our wonder and admiration.

John Isabell.

THE POPE AS A POET.*

"Latin verses, the sweetest things in the world," so said on one occasion Archbishop Benson, and so would have said five-and-twenty years ago half the prelates on the English Bench, and, for the matter of that, half the English Judges, and not a few English statesmen. They had all been brought up on them, in the days of which Matthew Arnold in that most literary of skits, *Friendship's Garland*, calls "the good old fortifying classical curriculum." But what, said Arminius, did your friend really learn at the Charterhouse from this system? "I have seen some longs and shorts of his on the Calydonian boar which were not bad," replies his interlocutor. But neither the writers nor the critics of those days looked on Latin verses as poetry, even when they were so, but only as a charming and graceful exercise of special value in educating literary taste and skill. We should have to go a good deal further back than a quarter of a century to find the time when in

England Latin was a living vehicle for poetry. A few admirable composers like Sir Richard Jebb, or Professor Robinson Ellis, or Mr. Godley, a poet here and there like Mr. Swinburne, may still write verses in Greek or Latin that are not only verses but poetry; but the days are gone by when an English poet would naturally express his original thoughts in Latin, and Gray, the last English poet, probably, whose Latin verses are at all commonly quoted, thought the practice out of date. In England Latin has become really a dead language. In Italy, and especially in the Roman Church, this is not quite the case. The language, in which the Gospel, after speaking—

to the South in Greek
About the soft Mediterranean shores—
spoke—

then in Latin to the Latin crowd—
is there still alive. The stream of its life runs thin, but it is yet a living

* "Poems, Charades, Inscriptions, of Pope Leo XIII., Including the Revised Compositions of his Early Life, in Chronological Order." With English Translation and Notes by H. T. Henry,

Overbrook Seminary. New York and Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press ("American Ecclesiastical Review"). (6s. 6d. net.)

stream. The Pope still makes his pronouncements *urbi et orbi*, and issues his letters out of the Northern or the Southern gate, in the Latin tongue. It is to him a natural vehicle of prose. There is no reason why it should not be a natural vehicle of poetry.

The Pope has long been known to be a scholar and a friend of scholars. He has done not a little to make the Vatican Library more accessible to them, and only the other day it was announced that, not content with the Vatican, his Holiness had purchased at the cost of £20,000 the Barberini Library, building and books together, and intended to throw it open to the studious public. But this is not all. Many Popes before Leo XIII., and very many Cardinals, have patronized learning and the love of classic antiquity. In the Renaissance they were tempted, and some yielded to the temptation, to patronize it too much. Good Latinity was almost more important than sound doctrine, and a false quantity worse than a peccadillo. We all remember Browning's Bishop "ordering his tomb in St. Praxed's Church," and how his taste for sensuous paganism mixes with his religion, and his love of elegant Latin with his hatred of his enemies, when he bespeaks for his monument "Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of," as well as "The Saviour at His Sermon on the Mount" and "St. Praxed in a Glory," and for his epitaph—

Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word.

No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line,

Tully, my masters, Ulplan serves his turn.

Pope Leo is not a humanist, but he is a lover of humane letters, and, like Archbishop Temple, recognizes their value for the training of the human intellect, and also their charm. He is a scholar, but he is more than a scholar,

he is a poet. We do not say that he is a great poet, for to be a great poet is hardly possible for any one very great in other ways. A Pope or King can scarcely be a great poet. There have no doubt been exceptions, even if, as the higher criticism seems to postulate, King David never wrote a Psalm, or, at any rate, one which his people cared to preserve. But a Pope or King may show poetic quality; and such is the character of the pieces in this volume. They show it all the more for what may at first seem their defect. They are not to be judged so mainly as efforts of scholarly composition. Many of his lines would not be passed at Eton or Shrewsbury. It is not only that they do not conform to the narrow Ovidian standard. All Latin elegiacs need not do that, any more than all English heroics need conform to the narrow standard of Pope. But they have the freedom of a living language and the license of Italian Latin.

"When in 1897 Andrew Lang, the foremost man of letters in England, cabled to the *New York World* his exquisite translation of the *Epistola ad Fabritium Rufum*, the general reading public was made aware of the poetical attainments of Leo XIII." It is thus that the editor of this volume begins his preface. The deft and delightful writer whose name is thus introduced will be the first to smile at the position here assigned him, and it would be hardly fair to take the enthusiastic language of Mr. Henry quite seriously; though if he means that Mr. Lang is one of the very happiest and most versatile of living English critics and translators, he means no more than is true.

We do not know who Mr. Henry, of Overbrook Seminary, is. He is not very strong as a critic, though the notes he has collected are full of interesting matter, and he is not very careful as an editor. There are too

many misprints in the Latin, and he would have paid a better compliment to his Holiness, and also to Mr. Lang and Mr. Francis Thompson, if he had given their versions, of which he speaks so highly. There may be difficulties of copyright, but these could probably have been overcome. For we cannot call his own adequate. They are not very literal, and yet they do not sufficiently compensate by original merits, either of diction or versification. A single example will suffice. Pope Leo was born at the little town of Carpineto, a sort of "eyrie," as it is described, high on a cleft of the Monte Lepine, a portion of the Volscian range:—

Quam felix flore in primo, quam laeta
Lepinis
Orta jugis, patrio sub lare vita fuit!

Carpineto, like many such Italian towns, suffered from the want of good water. When the Pope became Bishop of Perugia he set himself to remedy this defect. He constructed an aqueduct, and brought a stream of good water down from the Lepine Hills into the great square of the Cathedral. He commemorates the act in a Latin inscription:—

Fons ego decurrens, nitidis argenteus
undis
Quem cupide irriguum florea prata
bibunt.
At non prata bibent, cives, me florea;
vestris
Gratius est largo spargere rore domos.

Mr. Henry renders:—

I am a silvery fountain, at whose brink
The flowery meadows love to drink.
And yet they shall not! It belongs to
you
Ye clits,—my widely-scattering dew.

But it would be ungracious to look too closely at the translations. They have the merit of being generally pretty ac-

curate, and making the meaning clear. And we are really indebted to Mr. Henry for collecting and presenting the Pope's poems in this form for the English reader. The volume is daintily got up and turned out. And the collection is a very interesting one, and, as he very fairly says, "interesting because of the sublime dignity of their author, if possible even more valuable as mirroring the genial, cultured, affectionate, devout soul of the man and priest." Pope Leo XIII. is indeed a notable and beautiful figure. His immense age, his frail frame, the unearthly pallor of his features contrasting with the lustre of the eyes through which the nimble Italian intellect and large soul still look so keenly, exactly become his unique throne. The question of the temporal power is a tremendous one, not to be discussed incidentally, but if ever a Pontiff seemed fitted to break with the temporal and assume a purely spiritual sway, it is he. And his has been a strange story. One of the poems, that first quoted, describes his life and fortunes. The first piece in the book was written in 1822, eighty years ago, a quarter of a century before, in days that now seem ancient history, Landor in his classic letter hailed his predecessor, Pius IX., as the savior of society. But the next, "De Invalitudine sua," is even more striking. At twenty the Pope despaired of long life, almost of life at all, so feeble was his health:—

Puber his denos Joachim vix crescis
in annos,
Morborem heu quanta vi miser obru-
eris!

He confronted the prospect of an early death with Christian resignation and fortitude, and seventy years later was writing his remarkable "Ode to a New Century." The secret of his life, and the most beautiful thing in the book, is not a poem, but a short piece of prose

composition,— it is the vow which he made when he became Pope. We give it in English, though his Latin is finer. In it he resolves—*"For the rest of my life daily to offer the Sacred Host, and so cleave closer and closer to God, and with ever-increasing diligence to labor with watchful spirit to procure the eternal salvation of mankind."*

In that striking, now perhaps little-known, novel of Cardinal Newman's, *Loss and Gain*, there is one scene marked by real humor: where it is whispered in a little Evangelical coterie that the Pope "has just died a believer." But in truth it is no little thing that the head of a Church which often appears one vast political and historical and worldly system should make and keep such a profession of simple piety. Had all Popes lived like this the history of the Roman Church and the history of the world would have been very different. It is that that gives this little volume its interest. It is what Tennyson said poetry should be,—the outcome of a life, in this case of a beautiful and cultivated and devoted life. Here are the Pope's interests, his deepest wishes, his keenest sorrows, his intellectual tastes, his recreations; an Ode for a marriage, a solemn piece for his brother's death,

The Spectator.

stanzas for the literary club of which he was an ornament, a playful recommendation of plain living and high thinking, inscriptions, and charades.

The pieces are not all in Latin; some are Italian, especially the charades, as, for instance, one addressed to Sylvia, in which the Pope shows that he knows his Shakespeare. He knows his Italian poets of course; but his favorite author seems to be Horace, whom he imitates alike in his Ode to the Twentieth Century and in his Epistle on a Frugal Life, the two most elaborate efforts in the volume. What, we may ask, would have been the feelings of the complacent little Epicurean poet-critic of Augustus's Court, if he had been told that some nineteen centuries after he had written the *Carmen Saeculare* Rome would profess a faith of which he had never heard, the very antithesis of Epicureanism, and that its Pontifex Maximus sitting in Cæsar's place would address a wider Empire than Cæsar's in alcaics modelled on his own? This would be indeed a strange *Non omnis moriar*. "Credat Judæus Apella," he might well say, "non ego, namque deos didici securum agere ævum." But it is even the truth, so enigmatically is the history of mankind interwoven.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

One of the most curious literary revivals in the department of fiction is the reappearance of really "creepy" ghost stories in the magazines. Up to within a short time this particular form of fiction seemed to have been retired by common consent, possibly in deference to the materialistic tendencies of the age, but now Mary E. Wil-

kins Freeman, Miss Daskam and Mrs. Wharton are all trying their hands at it, not to mention inferior writers.

It is announced that Miss Mary Johnston has sold her new romance "Sir Mortimer" to Harper's Magazine, and its publication will begin next spring. It is also announced that Mrs.

Deland has written a new series of "Old Chester Tales" which will appear in the same magazine.

Mr. Swinburne is about to publish a collected edition of his poems, and for the introductory volume, he will write, in the form of a letter to his friend, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, a long account of his literary effort and of how he came to write the various books.

"The Tiger and the Insect" are really babies—not "Helen's" babies this time, but "Kate's"—and it is their dotting aunt to whom Mr. John Habberton assigns the pleasant task of writing up their pretty pranks. Come from the Far West to take them in charge for their mother's vacation, Aunt Nell's impressions of New York diversify her experiences in the nursery, and a thread of romance, which the babies do their best to tangle, spins itself straight at the end of the story. R. H. Russell.

"A Romance of the Nursery" is to be classed with stories about children rather than with stories for them. Janey, and her brothers, the sturdy, matter-of-fact, romping children of a hospitable English country-house, with Fiametta, the sensitive, self-conscious but fascinating little sprite whom their friend, the poet from London, leaves with them, make a charming group of characters, but the narrative is hardly objective enough for the juvenile taste. But grown people will delight in the subtleties and satire which give it its peculiar flavor. L. Allen Harker is the author. John Lane.

The problems which confront a man of high principles, scholarly tastes and generous impulses, as he attempts to meet the demands of an ambitious

family with the earnings of his profession are the subject of Lewis Zangwill's new novel, "One's Womenkind." The scene is laid in London, the central figure is a clever young barrister, and his wife a girl of good family who has made a failure on the stage. The plot offers a variety of incident to entertain the idle reader, while the human interest—weak at the opening of the book—makes a stronger and stronger claim on the serious attention as the characters develop. The author is a brother of the better-known Israel Zangwill. A. S. Barnes & Co.

To "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party" are bidden, by the aid of the Spider, "all the people you read about"—the Rev. Swiss Robinson and Family, Tiny Tim and all the Cratchetts, Mr. Aldrich's Bad Boy, Rollo and Jonas and Miss Edgeworth's Youths and Rosamond, Haroun al Raschid and Sindbad and the Three Wise Men of Gotham, Aesop with his Fables and Baloo and Bagheera, Uncle Remus, and Robinson Crusoe and a whole procession more, and Samuel McChord Crothers describes their mutual acquaintance in a style that will hold the children breathless with interest and keep their elders bubbling over with laughter. A more delightful compound of exuberant fancy, sly satire and genuine, good-humored fun it would be hard to find. There is a profusion of illustrations, all extremely clever. Olive W. Long is the artist. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The figure of Thoreau has so far receded into the past that it is now possible to form a more correct estimate of his position in literature than could have been made by his contemporaries: yet the date of his death is not so long past that his personality, treasured in the memories of those

who knew him, is wholly without influence. The personal and the critical elements are well combined in the volume entitled "Thoreau, His Home, Friends and Books" in which Mrs. Annie Russell Marble presents a careful study of the naturalist and philosopher, vivified by many bits of personal reminiscence contributed by his friends, and extracts from letters and diaries hitherto unpublished, which throw light upon his character and the workings of his mind. It is a curiously attractive, even though lonely figure which is here portrayed; and the well-arranged study of Thoreau's writings which fills the later pages is discriminating. A number of excellent photographs enhance the charm of the book and suggest holiday uses. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Gossiping pleasantly in *The London Chronicle* upon "Literary Interviews," of which, by the way, he has no high opinion, Mr. Andrew Lang gives the following amusing instances of the confusion of literary personalities often existing in the popular mind:

For many years—nay, still, perhaps—the world thought that Mr. George Meredith was the late Lord Lytton, and that Mr. Matthew Arnold was the author of *The Light of Asia*. A lady told me that *The Light of Asia* was Mr. Matthew Arnold's best poem, and I replied that to my taste Sir Edwin Arnold would ever be most remembered for his *Scholar Gipsy*. A gentleman, it is said, thanked Mr. Henry James for the pleasure which in boyhood he had derived from *Darnley*, *Gowrie*, and other romances by Mr. G. P. R. James. I have known a judge of this realm converse with the Poet Laureate under the impression that he was Mr. Austin Dobson.

Lovers of Jane Austen will be pleased to hear that two new editions of her works are to be published this season, each with exceptionally inter-

esting features. One of them is to be in the illustrated pocket classic series of the Macmillans, furnished with introductions by Mr. Austin Dobson. The other, known as the Hampshire Edition, introduces a novel experiment in illustration. Within the front cover of each volume is a map (in the old style, showing trees, buildings, and hills) of the country or town in which the scenes of the story occur, prepared from views and guide-books of the period; and within the back cover the neighborhood supposed to be inhabited by the principal characters is pictured in a similar style, giving the relative sizes, distances, and positions of houses and walks according to the author's descriptions.

Perhaps it would be unkind to class Mr. W. D. Howells' latest book, "Literature and Life," among essays, for does he not tell us, in his consideration of "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business" in the opening paper that essays are decadent and that no one buys them? But by whatever name one chooses to call them, these talks, reminiscences, comments, sketches, are thoroughly delightful, alike in their temper and their philosophy. Whether discussing the relations of author and publisher or writer and editor, or depicting life in summer colonies or foreign capitals, or sketching performances on the stage, or at the circus or the dime museum, or presenting realistic bits of life and experience in city streets, Mr. Howells is sympathetic and friendly. He knows how to be serious without being cynical, and humorous without being trifling, and his views of life and literature are sane and sensible and drawn from wide experience. If the great public does not buy,—and read—such essays as these, so much the worse for the great public. The book is well illustrated. Harper & Bros.

THE BROKEN COURTSHIP.

Heart, why beatest thou so gladly?
 Are epistles, then, so rare?
 Are sweet perfumes? Nay, beware!
 Lest the stirring strings breathe sadly
 And the nascent song be broken,
 Wanting one sweet word unspoken.
 One too dear.

Heart, why beatest thou so strongly?
 Are, then, whisp'ring lips so rare?
 Or rapt glances? Ah! beware!
 Lest desire interpret wrongly,
 And thy trustful pulse be broken—
 Peace, then. Hide the faith, half
 spoken

In mine ear.

Heart, why beatest thou so faintly?
 Is the bed of sickness rare?
 Or the pallid face? Beware!
 Crush thy bitterness unsaintly:
 Shall the melody be broken
 By a nameless and unspoken
 Pang of fear?

Heart, why beatest thou so wildly?
 Is there not surcease of grief?
 Are not all things earthly brief?
 Quell thy tempests till more mildly
 Soul may question—Nay, thou'rt
 broken;
 Death thy ship, like hers, hath
 spoken—
 Seek we, setting sail from here.
 That darker mere.

Herman Montague Donner.

From "English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp."

CROWNING JOYS.

The long gray day of damp and rain,
 set, drear,
 As it had been throughout from morn-
 ing rise;
 But lo to-night, outpeering, in surprise
 I saw the stars, and the whole heavens
 were clear;
 Some wind had caused the clouds to
 disappear,
 And only hurrying fragments crossed
 the skies,
 High blown, and white with moon-
 light, and mine eyes
 Were grateful for the sight. Such
 nights endear

The world to us, quickening our vital
 sense;
 For gloom succeeding, pleasures
 doubly please,
 And I would number highest among
 these
 The quietude that crowns a long sus-
 pense,
 When the vexed mood at length dis-
 covers ease,
 And all the joys of life become intense.

Rosa Waugh.

The Sunday Magazine.

THE CLOSED GENTIAN.

"Awake, awake," the west-wind blew,
 "The morning sun has smiled on you."

The autumn flowers heard the call
 And laughed to see the dead leaves
 fall.

The aster's purple crown expands,
 The daisies clap their little hands;

And all look up to greet the sun,
 And all are fair and glad save one.

To her the west-wind comes in vain
 With whisperings of sky and plain.

He sings, "Oh open, lids of blue,—
 Open and bathe in light and dew.

"Thy regal sister's azure cup
 Untwines to drink the sunshine up;

"Her wealth of calyx, fringe, and stem
 She wears like queen her diadem.

"Like her unfold, and feel the breeze;
 Oh wake, and hear the hum of bees,

"And with thy robe of blue unfurled,
 Behold the sky and beauteous world."

She faintly hears, she longs and thrills
 To see the wondrous sky and hills;

But fate is stern: the breeze is gone. .
 She opened not and still dreamed on,

And all day long the butterfly
 Beheld her closed and flitted by.

Christian Binkley.